

THE
SCOTCH
Hudibras:
OR, A
MOCK POEM

The First Part.

*Corrected and Amended, with Additions
and Alterations.*

L O N D O N,

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THE
AUTHOR'S APOLOGY
TO THE
READER.

Christian Reader,

V^Erfes are like Ladies Faces, good or bad, as they are fancied (saith *Don Quixot.*) And *Mock Poems*, which bite not, are like Eggs eaten without Salt (saith another of the same Metal) that is, whose Tongue was a great deal wiser than his Head.

In those following Lines, I am more Tart to none than to my self : And therefore, I may be excused if I tell in Rhime, how some used me in Prose ; I speak truth which is expedient to be known, and therefore no Lawyer will aver I transgress the Law.

With all the World beside, I am like a blind

A 2

Man,

The Preface

Man, dealing blows, not knowing whom I hit:
If any shall challenge me that I touch them,
I will answer, that I knew not so much before
they informed me; as answerd that famous
Satyrist to a Noble *Roman*, who expostulated
with him for smiting him in a Poem.

I am many ways wrong'd : And *First*, by
Transcribers, who stealing Copies of my Lines,
have transmitt'd them every where, like Pi-
ctures on the wrong side of *Arras*-Hang-
ings, spoiled with Thrums and Threads, or
like Faces disfigur'd by the Pox, great or
small, as ye please : Or like Sermons re-
peated by Children and Serving Lasses, in a
Presbyterian Family-Exercise. Or like one
of Bishop *Andrew's* Sermons re-preached
by an Expectant, in his Episcopal Tryal for the
Ministry,

I am, *Secondly*, wronged by false Copies,
and that by Men either malicious to bring me
to trouble, or ignorant, not apprehending
my scope; who in stead of mending my Lines,
have marred them all : And who striving to
pull me out of the Mire, have thrown me in-
to the Well, not to wash me, but to drown
me : Or into the Fire, not to dry me, but to
burn me.

Thirdly,

to the Reader.

Thirdly, I am most of all prejudg'd by the last *Dutch War*, which occasion'd the bringing in of such superfluity of Brandy, which entering the Brain of some of the Worshippers of *Bacchus*, hath there hatched Glosses of my Lines, like that of *Orleans*, destroying the Text.

Those Brandy-Interpreters, may be compared to Children espying Shapes and Figures in the Fire ; Or to those who are giddy with drink, imagining Apparitions in the Clouds ; or to old Wives Commenting on *Merlin's* or *Rymer's* Prophecies ; Or to bad Divines expounding the *Revelation*, who obtrude groundless fancies upon the ignorant Multitude, for Evangelical truths.

If those Gentlemen hit my meaning, any censure is too little for me ; If not, no punishment is too great for them : And that for two reasons.

First, because they apply Passages of my Lines to Men of Honour, of whom (God is my witness) I did not dream. Secondly, because they make the World believe, I am biting those whose wounds I am licking, giv'n by the biting of other Dogs.

The Preface

These things considered, it is easie to answer all which is objected against me. And first, some of the Society of *Gotham* Colledge had an intention to burn my Lines, because I bring in Whiggs speaking too boldly in the Supplication, and else-where. But I answer, If those Gentlemen speak as they think, I commend their Zeal, but not their Wisdom; And who ever shall take the pains to burn them for Witches, will lose both Coals and Labour. I demand of them, if one should pen a Play of the Powder-plot, and bring in the Conspirators, exhorting each other to blow up the Parliament-house, who will tax the Author of Treason? or who will tax the Psalmist of Atheism, for averring, *The Fool hath said in his Heart, There is no God?* All not meer Ignorants know it is permitted to Poets, good or bad, to personate a Discourse, that is, to bring in Rebels speaking Treason, and Atheists Blasphemy: And why may not I, a Poetaster, or Poets Ape, bring in Fools speaking foolishly, and Wise-men wisely, and yet be neither a Wise-man nor a Fool my self? And if I be neither, I must either be a mix'd Man, or else nothing. And in effect, some call me a Mix'd-Man, others Nothing: But
since

since those who call me Nothing are highly offended at me, they must of necessity confess they are offended at Nothing: I am more charitable to them, I think they are something. What sort of thing it is, all the World knoweth. What ever it be, it is worse than Nothing.

They object, *Secondly*, That without Authority I have imposed a grievous Taxation upon the Liedges, in exacting Five Dollars for every Copy, which may be called Treason.

But I answer, since I charge them not with Horning to make payment, the worst they can call it is but begging, which it is not, but a nameless Contract, *Do ut des*. And at first, I did not dream of taking Money for these Lines, until some known bitter Enemies to the Presbyterians, enforced each of them Five Dollars on me for a Copy: they told me, I might as well take Money for Rhime, as Ministers and Lawyers for Prose, and Physicians for Nothing, and worse than Nothing; Some Pleading, Preaching and Curing (it is true) deserves Money a great deal better than my Lines: But it is as true, that some of all Three deserve it worse; If my Lines do no good, they do no hurt to the Souls, Bodies, or Estates of any.

The Preface

Secondly, I demand Money of no Man ; yea, I refuse it when it is offered, not in jest until they make it appear they offer it in earnest, which they do many ways ; some throw Money on the Ground, some on the Table ; Some tell they'l have none of my Lines, except I take their Money ; Some say I undervalue them, when I refuse their Money ; Some say, they are abler to give me Money, than I am to want it ; some bid the Devil break their Neck if I take not their Money : Some as impiously bid God damn them, if I take not their Money : yea, I can instruct, that a Sea-Captain offered to strike off my head with a Sabre, if I refus'd his Money : but the more moderate put Money unawares in the Pocket of my Coat, which many think I keep unbutton'd of purpose. Mistake me not, *Reader*, I am not instructing how Money should be offer'd, but how it should not be offer'd, lest I take it.

Thirdly, That I am not avaricious, appears by my vowing to take no Money from *Ministers* and *Ladies*. But they say, I take Gold. To which I answer, they eluded my vow by Equivocation, putting Gold unawares in the Neck of my Doublet, and then run away, and

to the Reader.

and I following to restore it, stumbled. They instance, I stumbled of purpose that I might not reach them : But they are still mistaken; for a Lady having used me so, I follow'd her to her Chamber; and when I endeavour'd to return her Gold to her Pocket, her Maid (mistaking my meaning) thinking, perhaps I was searching for the wrong Pocket, tax'd me of incivility ; So I was necessitated either to keep her Gold, or else be thought uncivil to a Lady : let any indifferent Man judge which was the least of the two Evils. However, *Reader*, tempt me not with Gold, except thou be in earnest. It dazleth the Eyes of the Wise, and therefore no marvel it blinds those of a Fool.

The *Third* Objection against me is, that some affirm I am a bad Poet. But I answer, that nothing can more offend a Poet and a Fidler, than telling them they want skill ; if, in effect, they be unskilful, as I am ; And therefore no marvel if I reply in a fury, that it is most true that I am a bad Poet, and yet they are notorious Liars in averring it, because they do so out of malice, not knowing whether they speak true or false. All the World knoweth, they never made a greater progress
in

The Preface

in Poëſie, than the making of an Ale-houſe Roundelay, and that a bad one. It were baſe in me, to upbraid them with want of ſkill in their own profeſſions, in which they brag they have ſuch inſight ; As to one of them, a Phyſician, that he took the Piſs of a Stone-horſe for that of a Woman with Child : To another, a Mineraliſt, who laid a wager of ten Dollars, a piece of Brimſtone was a piece of Silver ; To a third, a Palmeſter, to whom, when a Boy in Girls-Apparel was brought in to him to have his hand view'd, ſuperciliously pronounced, the Girl would have three Huſbands, bring forth nine Children, and die of the Tenth. It were moſt baſe in me to tell them they are fit for nothing, except ſome will take them on to be Taſters of Drink : Neither are they fit for that but in the Morning ; for, in the Afternoon many times they are in the Category of Plants, that is, without ſenſe and reaſon, having the uſe of no Soul but the Vegetative. I could inſtance other things of that nature, but I forbear, leſt the Perſons be diſcover'd.

Secondly, To be a bad Poet may well be a ſhame, it is no ſin : Neither is it a ſhame for me in this firſt Eſſay. Withal my intention is to make men laugh, and not vex them : But
bad

to the Reader.

bad Lines many times cause more Mirth
then good ones. Where one laughs at the
Poems of *Virgil, Homer, Ariosto, Du Bartas, &c.*
twenty will laugh at those of *John Cockburn,*
or *Mr. Zachary Boyd.* What Hypochondriac
would not presently be cured at the reading
of these Lines;

*There was a Man called Job,
Dwelt in the Land of Uz,
He had a good Gift of the Gov,
The same case happen us.*

Or of these;

*Absolom hang'd on a Tree,
Crying God's mercy:
Then Joab came in, angry was he,
And put a Spear in his Arse.*

Or of those of John Cockburn.

*Samuel was sent to France,
To learn to Sing and Dance,
And play upon a Fiddle:
Now he's a Man of great esteem,
His Mother got him in a Dream,
At Culro's on a Girdle.*

The Preface.

For my part, if I were a great Man, I would sooner give Gold for such Lines, than Copper for all the Heroick Oracles, of *Seneca's* Tragedies.

If any have more to object, let them impart it to me: And if I cannot excuse my self in reason, I am willing to satisfy the Law. I think it very strange that some grave and reverend Men, should so wrong their Conscience to traduce me; since without hurting their Conscience, they may speak so much evil of me and not lie, as I may likewise do of them.

In the End, I give the Argument of a Second Part, which will prove as harmless as a Whitred without Teeth, except some shall be pleased to call Ears, Horns.

One word more, *Reader*, and I shall trouble thee no further. When thou hast perused my Lines, and found them a Cheat, it cannot but vex thee that thou hast bestowed thy Money to no purpose; But I intreat thee to consider, that the only Remedy is to conceal the Cheat, by commending still my Lines to others, that thou may laugh when they shall be cheated as well as thy self: In doing of which thou shalt be a more Christian Lyar, than those

to the Reader.

those who undervalue my Lines, albeit they understand them no more than they do the Prophet *Ezechiel*, as appears by their Commentaries on that Prophet, ready for the Press, if they were once dead.

Farewel.

S. C.

The

THE
SCOTCH HUDIBRAS:
OR, A
MOCK POEM.

PART I.

Argument.

After invoking of the Muse,
As many learned Poets use:
Next is describ'd the time of Tear
When Whiggs in Armour did appear:
The Good-man's Person, and his Weed,
His Armour, Lady, Squire and Steed,

Dog

*Dog and Pigeon, and his mind
 All Allegories, where ye find
 Clothed with many a senseless Word,
 Mysterious Things, not worth a Turd:
 As said one in a reverend Coat,
 Or else he understood them not.
 As lately, when he Scripture-text,
 He forc'd was to say off his Text.
 And then ye have a Supplication
 Greatly misconstru'd of the Nation.
 At first they dispute how to mend it ;
 And then advise by whom to send it :
 Where Knight and Squire each other thump,
 As did De Ruyter and Van Trump.*

W H O

WHO ever thou art, Muse, who dost make
By force of Brandy, Ale and Sack,
Some who both Words and Matter want,
Admired of the Ignorant :
In whom sagacious Noses Snuff ;
Nought worth but Plagiary Stuff,
By which they purchase Praise and Mony ;
When Bees have toil'd, Drones Eat the Hony :
Inspire me with Poetick Fury,
That I may likewise favour curry :
With all Men to augment my Pack,
By making Lines not worth a Plack :
Some of Eight Syllabs, some of Ten;
Some borrowed from other Men,
As *Cleveland*, *Don*, or *Tass* Divine :
Some ill Translated from *Marine* :
Some *Oedipus* cannot unriddle,
Some sounding like a blind man's Fiddle,
Observing neither Tune nor Time ;
Some Nonsense to make up the Rhime.

Though I speak true, or false, no matter,
 If I traduce some, others flatter :
 So sundry Men were us'd of late,
 As they were on or off the State.
 Grant that I may Curb all Backbiters,
 Of Surplice, High-sleev'd Gowns, and Miters
 And Church-governing Paradoxes,
 Of *Calvins* Followers and *Knoves*.
 In Mystick Allegorick Tone,
 Scarce understood by any one.
 Grant me to scold, revile and prate,
 Shame fall me, if my self knows what :
 When Rhime bursts out from Breast inrag'd,
 Like Turds from Puddings overcharg'd ;
 Some galling, other some to laughter
 Moving, like Parrot when it's taught her.
 Hoping my Prayer thou wilt hear,
 O Muse ! have at the time of year ;
 When *Whiggs* from lurking-holes did Sally,
 And in the open Fields did rally.

The Scotch HUDIBRAS.

5

It was about the Time, when Oysters
Abound so with Venereous Moistures,
That they are used Even and Morn
By those that do their Neighbours horn;
Which doth their Prices so inhance
At *Englands* Court, and that of *France*,
That Oyster-Wives have Mony ready
To make their Daughter sometime Lady:
As doth appear by one of late
Whose Son-in-Law bore sway in State:
When Snow makes dikes and mountains white:
When folks by Physick seldom sh---
Except there be some Pocky Reason:
When Mutton weareth out of Season,
Instead of which, at every Meal,
When Men Eat Roasted Hens and Veal:
And those at *Forth* Eat *Garvie* Fishes,
Then fittest to be serv'd in Dishes;
Which to the Palate pleasing proves,
Like *Adriatick* Gulph Anchoves.
When that the Black-Bird hoarsly Whistles,
When Trouts and *Abercorn* Musles

Are stark nought ; when that the Swallow
 Lyes sleeping in her own Tallow,
 Within some sub-terranean hole :
 When under the Antarctick Pole
 There is no Night ; Under our other,
 A Man cannot discern his Brother,
 It is so dark : When Summers heats
 Do Scorch the *Magellanick* Straits,
 And burn up all the Corn and Hay
 About the *Caput Lona Spei* :
 If that be tedious to remember,
 It was in *Januar*'s, or *December*,
 When I did see the out-law Whiggs
 Lye scattered up and down the Riggs :
 Some had Hoggers, some Straw Boots,
 Some uncover'd Legs and Coots :
 Some had Hatbands, some had Durks,
 Some had Crooked Swords like *Turks* :
 Some had Stings, some had Flails
 Knit with Eel and Oxen Tails :
 Some had Spears, some had Pikes,
 Some had Spades which delved Dikes :

Some

Some had Guns with rusty Ratches,
 Some had fiery Peats for Matches.
 Some had Bows, but wanted Arrows,
 Some had Pistols without Marrows;
 Some had the Coulter of a Plough:
 Some Syths had, Men and Horse's hough;
 And some with a *Lochar* Ax,
 Resolv'd to give *Dalzell* his paiks.
 Some had Cross-Bows, some were Slingers,
 Some had only Knives and Whingers.
 But most of all, believe who lists,
 Had nought to Fight with, but their Fists:
 They had no Colors to display,
 They wanted Order and Array:
 Their Officers and Motion-teachers
 Were very few besides their Preachers.
 Without Horse, or Artillery-pieces,
 They thought to imitate the *Switzers*;
 When from *Navarr* they sallied out,
Tremouille and brave *Trivulce* to rout.
 For Martial Musick, every day
 They used oft to Sing and pray;

Which hearts them more when danger comes
 Than others Trumpets and their Drums.
 With such provision as they had,
 They were so stout, or else so mad,
 As to Petition once again ;
 And if the issue proved vain,
 They were resolv'd with one accord
 To fight the Battles of the Lord.

Upon their Head March'd the *Good-man*,
 Like *Scanderbeg*, or *Tamerlane*.
 Dame Nature strain'd her utmost care,
 To mould him for a man of War :
 A terrible and a dreadful foe,
 As doth appear from Top to Toe.
 The shape and fashion of his Head,
 Was like a Cone, or Pyramid :
 Or for to speak in terms more gruff,
 It was just like a Sugar-Loaf :
 Or like the head of *Rob* the Cripple,
 Or like the Spear of *Migdale* Steeple :

Or like the bottom of a Tap,
 Or like a furr'd *Moscovia* Cap;
 Each He the South-east Countries haunts,
 Affirms, such Heads have *Turkish* Saints;
 Which, as some learned Writer notes,
 Are here with us call'd *Idiots*.
 Because long Hair the Wit doth dull,
 Nought was between Heav'n and his Skull:
 His Ears were long, and stood upright,
 Which did so well become the Knight,
 That at some distance he seem'd Horn'd:
 His one Eye was with Pearl adorn'd,
 His other Eye look'd so a-squint,
 That it was hard to ward his Dint;
 From thence down to his Mouth arose
 A Mountain rather than a Nose,
 Upon which savage Beasts did feed,
 As Worms and Silkhorns, which with speed
 Would eat it up, but he begins
 In time to pick them out with Pins:
 His Lips were thick, his Mouth was wide,
 His Teeth each other did bestride;

His Tongue was big ; though well he meant,
 He was not very eloquent ;
 His Beard was long, and red, and thin,
 Making a Ball-green on his Chin,
 As Trees do sometimes in a Wood,
 Where Horse and Oxen gather food ;
 His Arms were stiff like Barrow-trams,
 His Hands were hu'd like reisted Hams ;
 At Fingers-ends he never fails
 To have the King of *Babel's* Nails
 Which, sooner than a Knife by half,
 Will cut the Throat of Sheep or Calf,
 When he, not loving to be idle,
 Turns Cook to any Peny-bridle.
 They scrape up Works about his Leaguer,
 A great deal stronger and far bigger
 Than those made by *Don Pedro Sa*,
 When *Spinola* besieg'd *Breda*.
 He had a Lump upon his Back,
 Which some took for a Pedler's Pack,
 But other some did it suppose
 A Bag which kept his Meal for Brose :

But

But neither conjecture was good,
 It was a lump of Flesh and Blood :
 His Womb stood out an Ell before ;
 As far behind his Bum, and more :
 When over-charg'd, it made a sound,
 Which did like Earthquake shake the ground ;
 With which, as Cent'nel, when he sleeps,
 His Cloaths from Mice and Rats he keeps,
 Which to his Pockets swarm like Bees,
 Finding the smell of Bread and Cheese,
 Which several times the fainting Knight
 Doth take for Cordials in the night.
 But when the Beasts do hear the Thunder,
 They're so amaz'd with fear and wonder,
 That to the Gate go Mice and Rats,
 As fast as if pursu'd by Cats.
 Was never Man in those Dominions,
 About whose Legs were more opinions :
 First, there are many who avow
 They are like an inverted V ;
 And other-some do stiffly jangle,
 That They and Thighs make a Quadrangle ;
 Some

Some think, that Thighs joyning, they gape
In Circular and Oval shape ;
And other-some are, who avouch
Them Semi-circles in a Touch ;
And other-some there are, who tell's,
They're Semi-circles Parallels :
But those who on them better looked,
Say, One was straight, the other crooked ;
Not as in touching they did make
That famous Angle of Contact,
Which *Euclid's* Demonstration shows,
If in their Juncture ye put straws.
The truth is, They in every thing
Resemble do a Bow and String ;
The one straight to the other bending,
Is like a Chord and Arch subtending :
In which Scheme, if ye draw some Lines,
Ye may have *Secants, Tangents, Signs,*
Which Ale-pot-measuring much enables,
By help of Logarithmick Tables,
Which Questions soonest do decide,
For by Substraction they divide,

And

And Multiplieth by Addition,
 As now doth *Whiggish* Superstition,
 Which multiplieth every day,
 Having some added to its way.
 Their Entry to that Church is fine,
 They Re-baptize them all with Wine,
 Which their Apostles think far better
 To wash away Mens sins, than Water.
 Now all's describ'd to Feet and Toes,
 Which I could not see for his Shoes :
 Some say, his Toes, who saw his Feet,
 Resembled an Alphabet ;
Greek, Syriack, or Arabick,
 Or 'breviations *Stenographick,*
 Which they do counterfeit like Apes,
 With great variety of lhapes.

You may believe it as your *Creed*,
 Such was his Armour and his Weed ;
 He wore a pair of Pullion Breeches,
 A yellow Doublet with blew Stitches ;

A long black Cassock o'r his A--e,
As he had been the Fool of *Mars* ;
He had on each Leg a Gramash,
A Top of Lint for his Panash,
Which bravely flourish'd in his Crest ;
A folded Cloak for Back and Breast ;
A Glove of Plate, which once was worn
By Black *Douglas* at *Bannocksbourn* ;
For Head-piece, a Cowl lin'd with Iron,
Which did his Temples so environ,
That it would cost a world of pains
For any to beat out his Brains.
A Blunderbuss hung at his back,
Of terrible report and crack,
As have a Lower Tire of Guns
Shot from a Ship of many Tuns.
A Horse he never doth bestride,
Without a Pistol at each side,
And without other two before,
One at either Saddle-Tore :
But now, when he hath much-ado,
He hath one in each Pocket too.

A Sword which woundeth deep and wide;
A Target of a sev'n-fold Hide;
A very strange enchanted Lance,
Whose touch makes Men from Saddle dance,
As sometimes of old did another,
Belonging to *Angelick's* Brother,
And after to the *English* Duke,
As mentions *Ariosto's* Book.
And thus with more Arms he doth ride
Than other twenty had beside.
Whether he gain the day, or Time,
He never misseth to kill Nine,
As doth appear to him who reckons
Justly the number of his Weapons.
Among Ten thousand, all alone,
With every Weapon he kills one.
Some say, He used to take Lives
With Whinyards and *Kilmannock* Knives:
But he thinks that belongs to Butchers,
And others, like *Damæta's* Couchers;
For when with any he doth swagger,
He seldom useth Knife or Dagger,

Except

Except they come in wrestling terms,
 Permitted by the Law of Arms :
 The Laws of Knighthood he doth keep,
 Not killing Men like Calves or Sheep.

I ask'd of several, Who he was ?
 Some said, He was Sir *Hudibras*,
 Deceived by his bulky Paunch ;
 Some said, *Don Quixot de la Manch^s*,
 Which was more like than was the other,
 In many things he was his Brother.

First, in his Head were many fancies.
 Bred by the reading of Romances.
 He thought before the Day of Doom
 The Covenanters would burn *Rome*,
 And trample down the Man of Sin ;
 He thought the Work he would begin,
 And, to the Glory of his Nation,
 Accomplish all the *Revelation*,
 Prate what they please in Popish Schools ;
Hammond and *Grotius* were but Fools,

Who

Who say it is fulfill'd already ;
Most think they prayed to our Lady :
They aim'd at Reconciliation
Between the Pope and every Nation ;
All other things they could pack up,
If ye take not from them the Cup ;
And they had reason, for in truth,
Some think they had a burning Drouth.

Next, like *Don Quixot*, some suppose,
He had a Lady *Del Tobose*,
Who never budged from his side,
Upon a pair of Sods astride ;
By whose sole industry and care
He manag'd all the *Holy War*.
We read in greatest Warriours Lives,
They oft were ruled by their Wives :
The Worlds Conquerour, *Alexander*,
Obey'd a Lady, his Commander ;
And *Anthony*, that Drunkard keen,
Was rul'd by his lascivious Queen ;

King *Arthur* for his Wifes sake,
 Wink'd at *Lancelot du Lake* ;
 Though, to his opprobry and scorn,
 He cherish'd one himself to Horn :
 They say, that now are many others,
 Who in that case are *Arthur's* Brothers.
 So the imperious *Roxolan*[?]
 Made the Great Turk *John Thomson's* Man :
 Another Warriour, all his life
 Was also ruled by his Wife,
 Albeit before their Death arose
 Some strife between them for her Poss.

Thirdly, like *Quixot*, he a Squire
 Had, *Zancho* call'd, to whet his Ire,
 When in a fury he did wrestle
 With Giant or Enchanted Castle ;
 Or, like *Don Quixot*, with Wind-Mills ;
 Or with *Dalzel* at *Pentland-Hills* ;
 Or when, like *Perseus*, he was ready
 To fight a Monster for a Lady :

Being

Being Victorious in the Strife,
He still refus'd the Nymph to Wife;
And that with such a modest Grace
As Fames *Knight* did the Heir of *Thrace*:
To which Squire, the bounteous Knight
Promised either *Man*, or *Wight*,
Guernsey, or *Jersey*, or some Isle,
With a *Lord Governour's* style,
When he should beat his Foes asunder,
And bring the Whore of *Babel* under.

Lastly, on *Quixot's Rosinant*
He rode, who took the Covenant.
As many think, none of the Nation
Could make him take the Declaration.
Some endeavour'd to have the Horse
Proclaim'd a Rebel from the Cross;
Which though they did with open Throats,
The Horse eats still his Hay and Oats:
Not dreaming that in any thing
He Country did offend, or King.

The wisest Lawyers of the Nation
Advis'd him to make Appellation,
Because it was against all Reason
To condemn a Beast for Treason ;
Which Reason, at a Tippling-Can,
Had sav'd his Master, the Good-man,
If after his Rebellious Journey,
He had met with a King's Attorney,
Who could by Law and Reason shew,
He greater Beast was of the Two :
Or with another, who for Riches
Stood for Incestuous Whores and Witches,
Or any other whom ye list,
So they did well anoint his Fist.

Beside his Horse, he had a Dog,
So us'd to traverse Hill and Bog,
That he became of scent so clever,
As to miss neither Hare nor Plover :
He turns himself in Horse or Hog,
As *Monsieur* did *Agrippa's* Dog,

To find by his sagacious Nose
The Counter-plotting of his Foes :
He treads the Back-scent, brings a Glove,
And carries Letters to his Love :
He is a fierce Dog, yet most civil,
Kills Fish whose Livers fright the Devil :
He barks at *Anabaptist*, *Quaker*,
Papist, and *Declaration-taker* ;
But he will gently fawn, and stand
To lick a *Covenanter's* hand.

Beside his Dog, he hath a Pigeon,
Most do not know of what Religion :
She was the same, as many fear,
Which once eat Pease at *Mah'met's* ear ;
Which when she did, the Carl did boast
That he spoke with the Holy Ghost :
His *Epilepsie* for to recover,
If once employ'd, she doth not hover,
But will make the whole Worlds Tour,
And come again within an hour :

Sometimes she his Orders carries
 To the *Azores* and *Canaries*,
 As Quarter-mistress, to ordain
 In which the First Meridian
 Should lodged be, for Calculation
 Of Longitudes in Navigation.
 Sometimes he sends her in Embassage
 Out through the *North-East-Indian* passage,
 To tell the Great *Tartarian Cham*,
 A piece of a *Westphalia* Ham
 Is better Meat, when Hunger nips,
 Than Collops off live Horses Hips ;
 That we who here drink Sack and Brandy,
 Well tempered with Sugar-candy,
 A great deal better than he fares,
 Who drinks Horse Blood, or Milk of Mares.
 Sometimes to *Pera* or to *Chili*
 She goes, to tell, our Prophet *Lilly*
 Foreseeth neither Good nor Evil,
 Abandon'd by his *Arctick* Devil,
 Whom the late great Frost did compel
 To run and warm himself in Hell :

That

The Scotch HUDIBRAS.

23

That she might bring from thence a Spirit
Of greater foresight, and of merit,
For to assist the great Diviner,
The better for to win his Dinner.
Sometimes to *Turk* she goes, and *Sophy*.
To tell, Their *Water* and their *Coffee*,
And their severe flighting of *Wine*,
Makes them so with the *Cholick* pine ;
Which Torment is with them so rife,
It cost *Mahomet* the *Great* his Life ;
For when the *Cholick* he did take,
And did refuse a Cup of Sack,
He worried on a windy Bubble,
And freed the World of meikle trouble :
If they'll drink *Wine*, they need not fear
Their Prophet ; for his *Thousandth Year*
Is now expired, all in vain
They expect his Return again.

Thus of his Person, Armour, Weed,
His Lady, Squire, and of his Steed,

Dog, and Pigeon. For his Mind,
He leaves all Mortals far behind.
All things created he doth know,
In Heav'n above, and Earth below :
He solves the Questions every one
That *Sheba's* Queen ask'd *Solomon* :
Or any other knotty Doubt,
That can occur the World throughout.
Neither doth he prate and babble,
Like *Pliny* painting out a Fable ;
At first he makes a clear Narration,
And then backs all by Demonstration.
He knows whether the Great *Mogul*
Doth drink out of his Father's Skull,
Or if he make a Chamber-pot
Of that of King of *Calecut* :
If it be prov'd by any Man
That he is come of *Tamarlane*,
Or if he keep Tobacco cut
In *Tortoise-shell*, or *Cocoa-Nut* :
If the Balm and Frankincense-keepers,
By ratling, drive away the Vipers,

Which

Which with such Ardour haunt those Trees,
 As with us Garden-Flow'rs do Bees ;
 Or if they do those Serpents choak
 As *Easterlings* their Bees do smoak ;
 Which made Two Great Wits, as Men think,
 Spend too much Paper, Pen, and Ink :
 If *Ichneumon* and *Crocodile*
 Do fight in *Niger*, as in *Nyle* :
 Or if we ought to believe them,
 Who say *Milcheselech* was not *Sem*,
 Which raised once a Fifty-strife
 Between a Preacher and his Wife :
 If any Man yet ever born
 Did see *Phoenix* or *Unicorn* :
 If there be a *Philosophers Stone* :
 If Men who have no Leg but one,
 With broad Soles, which by Tours
 Defend their Heads from Sun and Show'rs ;
 If the Emperour *Prestor John*
 Be the Off-spring of *Solomon* :
 If those who lately Conquer'd *China*
 Be the Brother's Sons of *Dina*,

Who to the *North-East* parts were turned
 When *Assur's* King *Samaria* burned :
 If *Rome's* Founders Wolf did suck :
 If *Job* in *Edom* was a Duke :
 If Captain *Hynd* was a good Fellow :
 If *Wallace* Beard was black or yellow :
 Which raised once a great Discord
 Between a Western Laird and Lord :
 If roasted Eggs be best, or sodden :
 If *James* the Fourth was kill'd at *Flodden*,
 Which made Two School-men borrow Swords,
 That they might fight, after big words :
 If Sword or Surfeit more Men kill :
 Who had the better at *Edgehill* ;
 Which made two Ladies other jeer,
 A *Roundhead* and a *Cavalier* ;
 Both harped so on the seen Ruffle,
 That it turn'd to a scratch-eye Scuffle ;
 At last both conclude to agree,
 Both of them vowing secresie.
 Where meets the Brethren of *Cross-Rosie* ;
 What Sums the *Spaniard* in *Potosi*

Gains yearly by their Silver Mines :
 Since Thirty eight who wins or tines.
 He knows the Price of Jewels and Rings,
 And hidden Cause of sundry things :
 As, Of the Compass Variation,
 Of *Nile* and *Niger's* Inundation :
 Why *Ireland* wanteth Toad and Snake :
 Why some Men white, and some Moors black :
 Why *Regulus* Eye makes men leave breath :
 Why Spiders bite, then dance to death :
 Why men *Tarantula* do not fear,
 But at some seasons of the Year :
 Why Devils Musick do not please :
 What sort of thing is *Ambergreece* :
 If Iron *Magnes*, or it Iron
 Attract : If Sea or Land environ
 That frozen great Magnetick Rock,
 Under the Pole, where what a Clock
 There cannot be made any trial
 The one years half by *Phœbus* Dial :
 By the Seas motion he doth find
 A *North-East Passage* to the *Ind* :

Another

Another he finds by the *North-West*,
 Where *Davies* freezed to his rest,
 When Icy Mountains did occur,
 And stopt his Course to *Mar del Zur* :
 But he has found a brave Device,
 That he may free those Seas from Ice ;
 He empties all the Water, fine
 He fills the place with Brandy-wine,
 Which hardly will congeal with Frost ;
 If Whales turn drunk, and Fishing lost,
 Yet lose we not by that Device,
 For *Whale-Oyl* we get *Indian Spice*.
 All other ways are but a Cheat,
 To fetch some Money from the State ;
 It's wonder they have shirk'd so much
 Both from the *English* and the *Dutch* ;

He prov'd, on peril of his Soul,
Presbyterian-Rule by *Paul*.
 He thought none but a foolish man
 Made *Antichrist* the Son of *Dam*.

He thought by the Apostle's meaning,
 Voice Negative, and sole Ordaining,
 Was the very Mystery
 Of *Antichrist's* Iniquity,
 Which near his own time did begin
 To usher in the *Man of Sin*.
 He thought, if Bishops had not been,
 A Pope of *Rome* had ne'r been seen :
 But now he thinketh Church-Government
 A thing of small, or no Concernment :
 As ready as any ever born
 For Bishops, if he had not sworn.
 If *Dutch* and *English* truth report,
 He knows about th' *Amboyna* Fort,
 If those two *Indian* Ships were sunk,
 And burnt by *Dutch* when they were drunk.
 Who first began the War in *Guiny*,
 Where *Holms* and *Ruyter* play'd at *Pinie*.
 If groundless jealousies and fears
 Yoaks *Dutch* and *English* by the Ears :
 Or if it be the *Indian* Trade
 That doth produce Effects so sad.

He

He'll

He'll tell in *Indian* Pedlers faces,
We dearly buy their Cloves and Maces ;
The War draws Blood and Money forth,
More than the *Indian* Trade is worth.
He thinks the War fomented be
By *Romish* Craft and Policy,
Which rends the *Dutch* and Us asunder,
To bring *Reform'd Religion* under :
When both are broken, and brought low,
Like Pitchers by a mutual blow,
Then they'll force up the Pope again,
And make both serve the King of *Spain*,
Who in the *Jesuits* fantasie
The Worlds Temporal Lord will be ;
And, maugre those who countermine them,
The *Pope* and *He* will Rule between them,
The World in two Monarchies,
He with his *Sword*, he with his *Keyes*.
If *Dutch* and *English* Popish were,
They would be Popish ev'ry where ;
So Conclave Fathers do conclude,
But such Conceits do oft delude.

He

He finds by perfect Demonstrations
The roots of all compos'd *Æquations*.
He finds new ways to poyson Cats ;
Of Mud he *Serpents* makes, and *Rats*.
He finds the *Longitude* of Places,
Makes *Bagpipes* with *Concording Basses* :
He finds *Two Means* proportionals,
Which great Wits sometimes intrals
In *Virtuosi's Conventicles*.
Excentricks, *Orbs*, and *Epicicles*,
He finds to be fantastick Fictions,
Forg'd to palliate Contradictions,
Wherewith the late *Star-gazers* Notions
Have involv'd the Planets Motions.
To determine he dare venture,
The *Sun* to be the Worlds Centre,
To hold the *Candle* in the middle,
Infix'd, while to *Pythagoras* Fiddle
Still Firmament, with twinkling eyes,
The *Earth* and *Planets* dancing fees.

He

He squares *Circles*, doubles *Cubes*,
Makes most admirable *Tubes*;
If he at *Dover* through them glance,
He sees what Hour it is in *France*;
As he hath prov'd by frequent trial
On *Steeple-Clock* and *Sunny Dial*:
He reads with them another while
Letters, distant Twenty Mile,
Dutch or *Scotch*; I know not whether,
The one is as like as th'other.
If he once level at the Moon,
Either at Midnight, or at Noon,
He discovers *Rivers*, *Hills*,
*Steeple*s, *Castles*, and *Wind-Mills*,
Villages, and *Fenced Towns*,
With *Fosses*, *Bulwarks*, and *Great Guns*;
Cavaleers on Horse-back prancing,
*Maid*s about a *May-Pole* dancing,
Men in *Taverns* Wine carousing,
Beggars by the *High-way* Loufing,
Soldiers forging *Ale-house-brawlings*,
To be let go without their *Lawings*;

Stirs

Stirs in streets by *Grooms* and *Pages*,
Mountebanks playing on *Stages*,
Wild Boars strutting out their *Bristles*,
Black-Birds striving who best *Whistles*,
Throats of *Larks* trumpeting *Day*,
Falcons beating down their *Prey*,
Hare and *Deer* crossing *Bogs*,
 Follow'd at the heels by *Dogs*;
Asses braying, *Lions* roaring,
Owls screeching, *Eagles* soaring,
Foxes rowzed from their *Den*,
Monkeys imitating *Men*,
Gardens planting, *Houses* bigging,
States and *Princes* *Fleets* out-rigging,
Antick Fashions of *Apparels*,
States and *Princes* picking *Quarrels*,
Wars, *Rebels*, and *Horse-Races*
 Proclaim'd at several *Market-places*,
Capers bringing in their *Prizes*,
Commons cursing *New Excises*,
Young Wives old *Husbands* *Horning*,
Judges *Drunk* every morning,

Augmenting

Augmenting Law-Suits and Divisions
By *Spanish* and by *French* Decisions ;
Courtiers their aims missing,
Chaplains Widow-Ladies kissing,
Men to sell their *Lands* itching,
To pay th'Expences of their *Kitchen*;
Frequent *Changes*, *States* invading,
Pulpits forcing and persuading,
Great *Jars* for *Gloves* and *Maces*,
For *Bishops* *Lordships* and their *Graces* ;
Lords in *Stews* missing *Purses*,
While *Pages* make their Ladies *Nurses* ;
Preachers contradicting fast
This Year what they *Preach'd the last*.
Making in their *Conscience* room
For a Change *the Year to come* ;
Some seeking *Bishopricks* in vain,
Wishing *Presbyt'ry* again ;
Lawyers *Councels* at such Rates,
That they cost Men their whole *Estates*,
What Money Men put in their Hands,
To get half back, they give their *Lands* ;
Physicians

Physicians cheating Young and Old,
 Making both buy *Death* with *Gold* ;
 Not vers'd in *Æsculapius* ways,
Indicative and *Critick* days
 They make *too late*, or else *too soon*,
 Not knowing the Motion of the Moon :
Factions in *Families* and *Towns*,
 Ground manur'd by Country-Clowns,
 In Meadows, Corns, Grapes, Apples,
 Out-braving *Lombardy* and *Naples* ;
Priests diseased with the *Riples*,
 Hirpling through the streets like Criples ;
Physicians spoiled with the *Pox*,
 Hiding their Noses with their Cloaks ;
Courtiers covering canker'd Faisters
 With curled Periwigs and Plaisters,
 With Wax Noses, Golden Lips,
 With Pastboard mending Legs and Hips,
 Using all the Art they can,
 That they may seem a pretty Man,
 And free of blemish, like a Priest
 With *Urim Thummim* on his Breast.

D

Ladies

Ladies speaking ranting words,
Attir'd like Men, with Vests and Swords,
With Periwigs and long Locks:
Some tax'd for dancing in their Smocks.
Making frivolous excuses,
Men pretending to the *Muses* ;
Some selling *Drink*, some selling *Drass*,
Some *Buffoons* turn'd, to make Men laugh ;
Some *Publicans*, some *busie Medlers*,
Some turn'd *Horse-Coopers*, some *Pedlers* ;
Some challenged for dreadful things,
As stealing *Silver-Spoons* and *Rings*,
Having us'd many Wiles before,
That they might put them to the door.
Sundry Philosophick Asses,
By dictating, teaching *Classes*,
Not taking an Account again,
Making Boys spend their time in vain.
Some dissipating little Mugs,
Containing *Universal Drugs* :
Physicians, crying out amain,
Where they cure *One*, they poison *Ten*.

Some

Some getting *Oyster-boats* to drag,
 Some making *Satyrs* for to beg,
 Being reduced to those wants
 By several avaricious *Saints*,
 Who proved on them *Drinking, Whoring,*
By Slandring, Forging, and Perjuring.
 At last, for all their fair pretension,
 Their Quarrel prov'd to be a *Pension*.
 Which having got, then for refuge
 They bribe or cheat a silly Judge,
 By purloining and forbearing
 To stop the Cause from further hearing :
 There was no remedy for the Evil,
 All went headlong to the Devil.
 That Fathers Saying is most true,
Penitent Clerks are very few ;
E're any shame shall them betide,
They'll one sin with another hide.

His *Tube* in higher *Planets* Heav'n
 Discovers many more than *Sev'n*.

Jove hath his Guard, with Thunder-thumps
To beat down *Covenants* and *Rumps* ;
And *Saturn* hath his Pages too ;
When he meets *Jove*, there is ado,
It's good to some, and bad to other,
It's never good to all together ;
For some go up, and some go down,
Some get, and some will lose a Crown :
They say, *Such Things* will now appear
In less than three and thirty Year ;
Great Change of Government will be,
As all affirm, beyond the Sea ;
But all their Practices and Wiles
At this bout will not reach our Isles :
All is confined to the Main,
And then *it will about again* :
We need not break our hearts for sorrow,
What's Ours to Day, is Theirs to Morrow.
He sees *Mars* sending Grooms in ire,
To set the World below on fire,
Raising such fury in Mens Breasts;
That *Generals* are made of *Priests* ;

Which

Which them becomes, as all avow,
 As well as *Saddle* doth a *Sow*.
 He sees those Grooms who *Sun* attends,
 Blowing on their burnt Fingers-ends;
 Among whom *Mercury* doth stand,
 Serving the *Sun* with Cap in hand;
 He hath no Dwelling of his own,
 But is Domestick of the *Sun*;
Phæbus and He have great Compassion
 On Arts now wearing out of fashion;
 Yet some will flourish, they fore-saw,
Romances, and the *Canon-Law*.
 He sees with *Venus* Pages are,
 Who Pimps were to the *God* of *War*,
 When jealous *Vulcan*, sick of Love,
 Would needs himself a Cuckold prove,
 Like several Great Ones here below,
 Though some conceal what they do know.

His *Tube* once levell'd at the Sky,
 Sundry yet hid Lights doth espy;

Some lesser ones, and some more gross,
Between the *Boars* and *Southern Cross*;
Some on *Pegasus's* Hoof,
And some upon his Master's Love,
And some upon her Mother's Chair,
And some on *Berenice's* Hair,
And some upon the *Serpent's* Sting,
And some upon the *Eagle's* Wing,
And some upon the *Ram's* Horn,
Some on the Beard of *Capricorn*,
And some he sees upon the *Bull*,
And some upon *Orion's* Skull,
And some on *Nessus* mortal Foe,
And some on *Cancer's* meikle Toe;
Some on the Sails of *Argo* Ship,
And some on *Antinous* Hip;
And some he sees upon the *Twins*,
And some upon the *Fishes* Fins;
And some he sees on *Libra's* Scale,
And some upon the *Dragon's* Tail,
Which *little Bear* and *Pole* entangles;
And some he sees on the *Triangles*,

Some

Some on the *Harp*, some on the *Swan*,
 Some on the *Crown*, some on the *Crane*,
 Some on the *Whale*, some on the *Trout*,
 And some upon the great *Dog's* Snout,
 And some upon the *Virgin's* Knees,
 On *Crinita*, between her *Thighs*,
 Which makes her blush, and turn her look
 North-East, upon *Bootes* Dock,
 Which the base Clown regardeth not,
 But spurns her backward with his Foot.
 And almost lames her on the Knee,
 Which barb'rous incivility
 Is evident to any Man
 By the Globe of *Vatican*.

And finally, That *Tract of Light*
 Which we see in a frosty Night,
 And caused Philosophick Jars,
 He finds to be the *Light of Stars*,
 Which just so shining he doth mark,
 As *Haddocks Heads* do in the dark.

Solve several Questions he can,
Scarce solvable by any Man :
If number of Stars be odd or ev'n :
What's beyond the utmost Heav'n :
If Substance of the Heav'ns be mix'd :
If Stars do move, in Orbs infix'd :
Or if they move, as others clatter,
As Fowl in Air, or Fish in Water :
Since *Jewish Sabbath* is begun,
And ends with setting of the Sun,
How that *Sabbath* observ'd can be
Beyond the sixty eighth Degree
Of Latitude, since *Antipodes*
In Sun shining have such odds :
How both *Sabbaths* Observation
Jumps with the *Sabbath of Creation* :
The one and other Question
Sorely puzzled *Solomon*,
In that great Dispute that between
Was Him and that *Arabian Queen* ;

Or *Æthiopian*, as some other,
Who make her *Prestor John's* Mother.

Against the late *Star-gazers* Schism,
And *Argolus* Paralogism,
He finds Comets are plac'd no where
But in some Region of the Air :
He finds with admirable speed
Their *Paralaxis* by a Thread ;
He finds their Eyes perceive not well,
Or else *Dioptriques* make them reel ;
And that their Brain's not worth a T--d,
Who call them *Via Lactea's* Curd ;
The same he thinks of many others,
Who say, they are new Stars half-brothers ;
Of which last, if he espy one,
He bids, *Let God's secrets alone.*

He finds both Comets and *Eclipses*
But petty *Fortune-telling Gipsies* ;
The like uncertainty he sees
In change of *Excentricities* .

But

Or

But he foresees with Prophets Uction
The Effects of a great Conjunction ;
Before the Age begin again,
Spain shall have *France*, or *France* have *Spain* ;
The Monarchy shall spread no further,
If *Dutch* and *English* hold together ;
And though they do, great Tribulation
Follows a *Gothish* Inundation
Spreading from *Pomer* into *Scluse*,
In defence of the Flow'r-de-luce :
Their Mutiny for want of Pay,
Proves to the *French* a dismal day.
Then *English* shall say, *God be thanked*,
The French are like Fleas in a Blanket ;
They soon skip out, as they did in,
Their Conquest ends e're it begin ;
They mar all by unstable carriage,
As in their old Italian Voyage,
When quite forsaken of their Helps,
They first brought Shankers o're the Alps.

He doth foresee another Wonder,
 Nations in Place and Hearts asunder
 Shall straitly be conjoin'd in one,
 Against the Whore of *Babylon* ;
 And though those Nations be but poor,
 Rich Kings who fornicate the Whore
 Shall melt before them, as the Snow,
 When Rain and South-wind makes a Thaw.
 What Men they are, he will not clatter,
 Lest some think he intends to flatter.
 Then all shall be serene and clear,
 And Saints shall reign a Thousand Year ;
 If not, let it not be forgotten
 To hang him when he's dead and rotten.

All doubt much of the *Jew's* Conversion,
 The manner of the Worlds Eversion ;
 If Fire shall burn the Heav'ns to Embers,
 If sep'rate Soul its Friends remembers ;
 If those new Reasons do make good
 The Circulation of the Bloud ;

If Webs of Cloth be made of Stones,
If Pox can be chas'd from the Bones ;
If Minerals nourish as Grain,
If Rats once dead can live again,
And of such-like Resurrections ;
If by *Attractions* and *Ejections*
Men may lend or borrow Blood ;
If *Universal Drugs* be good ;
If *Satyr-makers* ever thrive
Of any thing which they contrive ;
If there be such of any Nation
Who are not driv'n to Desperation ;
Giving to all, who them defends,
Still forest on the Fingers-ends.
Though never wiser Man was born,
He knows not how to dine the Morn,
No more than he knows when shall come
The Moment of the Day of Doom.

The *Whigs* him circled in a Ring,
And he stood like a *Nine-pin-King*.

After

After a Pause and a Cough,
And sundry clawings of his Hough,
Upon his Tiptoes he arose,
And with his Fingers wip'd his Nose,
And cleans'd his Fingers on his Breeches,
Delivering these following Speeches.

Hear, O ye Remnant of *Israel*,
Who have not bow'd your knees to *Baal*,
For which ye undergo the Cross ;
Ye Gold refined from the Dross ;
Ye winnow'd Corn purg'd from the Chaff ;
Ye Sp'rit of Malt drawn from the Draff,
Who to the Good Cause are no shame :
Ye *Covenanters*, Curds and Cream,
E're one a *Pater Noster* utter,
Some will turn Cheese, and others Butter,
And each will feed his hungry Brother,
If we shall chance to eat each other.
Ye who still pray for these who wrong you,
God grant there be no Rogues among you ,

As Arch as any of the Nation :
I have caus'd pen a *Supplication*,
Which must be sent unto the King,
From whom some must an Answer bring ;
I'll read it out, that ye may mend it,
And then advise by whom to send it.
Then answered the whole Croud,
Bidding him read it out aloud.
Seeking his Lunets forth, he farted,
At which they who stood nearest started ;
Those further off took such Alarms,
Some cry'd, *To Legs* ; some cry'd, *To Arms*.
What was the matter none could think,
Till all of them did smell the stink.
Then having hush'd their shouts and halloos,
He did begin to read as follows.

The

The Supplication.

SIR, Though there be but few among us,
Who bid at ev'ry word, *God damn us* ;
Though we come not to Martial Clofes,
Half guelded, and without our Noses,
As not accustom'd to those Tricks
That hurt Mens Noses and their ---- ;
Although we do not rant and swagger,
Nor drink in Taverns till we stagger,
And then engage in drunken Quarrels,
Where Wit goes out by rooming Barrels ;
Where some throw Stoops, and others Glasses,
Some struggle with the serving Lasses ;
Some throw a Chandler, some a Can,
Some strive to Cuckold the Good Man ;
Some moan their Elbow, some their Head,
Some cry, *Alas!* their Shoulder-blade ;

And

And some with spilt Drink are drooping,
 And some sit on a Privy sleeping;
 Some do not know at whom they're striking,
 And some are busie Pockets picking;
 Some have their Hair with Fingers freezed,
 And some cry out, *They're Circumcised*;
 Some have their Faces and their Throates
 All scratched with Tobacco-stops;
 Some Coals with naked Swords are hewing,
 And some lie in a Corner spewing,
 And other some get bloody Fingers
 By grasping naked Knives and Whingers,
 When they the Fray intend to red,
 When it were better they were a-bed;
 And some cry, *Ie disturb the Laird*,
 And some cry, *Fie, bring Bailly Baird*,
 A Man who is obliged much
 Unto the War against the Dutch.
 At that, they call the Wench to reckon;
 She comes and counts up Three for One;
 But gains not much, though she so trick it,
 Beside her loss of Barges Ticket.

They

They tell her, *They will Money borrow,*
And come and pay their Shot to-morrow;
Their Officers the other day
Had Dic'd, and Drunk, and Whor'd their Pay.

Sir, Though we do not play such pranks,
(For which we give unto God thanks)
Yet we your *Loyal Subjects* are,
To serve you both in *Peace* and *War*,
With our *Fortunes* and our *Lives* :
But if our *Conscience* and our *Wives*
By any Man be medled with,
We'll both defend with all our Pith.
Sir, Our *Conscience* to compel,
To force our *Souls* to Hell.
If we do good, and think it evil,
That we more obey the Devil,
Than doing ill, which we think good,
If Holy Writ be understood.

Sir, We have been sore oppressed,
Our *Wives* and *Serving-Lasses* sessed,

ey 8 E Either

Either to give beyond their reach;
 Or else to hear some Hirelings Preach,
 Who Preach nought else but Rail and Rant
 Against the *Holy Covenant*;
 And yet it's known that the Nation
 Did take it at their Instigation,
 For which, of late, they were so hearty,
 When it was the *Prevailing Party*,
 That they urg'd *State*, as they were wood,
 To take *some's Means*, and *other's Blood*;
 And *others* they compell'd to flee,
 And hide themselves beyond the Sea;
 And that, Sir, for no other reason,
 But *Anti-Covenanting Treason*.

But now, Sir, when the Guise doth turn,
 They Preach nothing but *Hang and Burn*,
 And *Harry* all those of the Nation
 Who do refuse the *Declaration*;
 Perswading us with Tales and Fictions
 To *Take Oaths* which are *Contradictions*;

Having

Having, for love of *Worldly Pelf*,
First taken contrair Oaths themselves,

At the first, Sir, God be thanked,
We sold Covering, Sheet, and Blanket,
and Gowns, and Plaids, and Petticoats,
Meal and Pease, Barley and Oats,
Butter and Cheese, and Wool-Fleeces,
or Groats and Forty-penny Pieces;
Sons and Hens, and Geese and Pigs,
Men and Horse which Till'd our Rigs;
And, which our very Hearts pierces,
After *Zachary Boyd's* Verses,
Jackson's Sermons, *Guthry's* Libels,
The *Office of Lanerk*, and our Bibles,
And learn'd Religion by Tradition,
Which smells of *Popish Superstition*.
To pay our Fines we were so willing,
Such was for each Fault *Twenty Shilling*;
Though we alledg'd for our Defence,
Was too much by *Eighteen Pence*.

Having

E 2

At

At last, we had no more to give;
 Neither knew we how to live;
 They felled all our Hens and Cocks;
 And rooted out all our Kail-stocks,
 And cast them o're the Dikes away,
 And bid us, jeering, *Fast and Pray*.
 Being incens'd with such Harms,
 We were necessitate to Arms.
 And through the Country we did come;
 We had far better stay'd at home;
 We did nothing but hunt the Glaiks;
 For after we had got our Paiks,
 They took us every one as Prizes,
 And condemn'd us in Assizes
 To be Hang'd up every where,
 And fix'd our Heads up here and there;
 Onee dreadful Heads, Sir, all did doubt
 They had so meikle Wit about them;
 And we who fear'd those grievous Crosses,
 Did hide our selves in Bogs and Mosses,

here we fed on sodden Leather,
 mingled with Crops of Heather,
 which, our Hunger to assuage,
 we thought most savoury Portage:
 For Drink, it was no small matter,
 we got clear, not muddy, Water;
 which we heartily do wish
 here be none who desire to fish,
 that by the Devil's instigation
 brings on us all this *Tribulation*.

When in that case we could not stand,
 we sally, Sir, with Sword in hand.
 Let men cry *Rebels* till they're hoarse,
 we're Subjects never a whit the worse,
 though we prefer *Tou* not to *God*:
 Who *do so*, Sir, their Faith will nod.
 Let Government take changing Tours,
 they will *Renounce* both *Tou* and *Tours*;
 it doth appear by *some* of late,
 when *That Usurper* Rul'd the State;
 Yes,

They strove, Sir, to be sent apace,
 To *Abjure* You in the World's face.
 Though some, Sir, of our *Dunkirkers*
 Stood out, like *Eglintown* and *Cassell*,
 And others, striving to sit still,
 Were forc'd to go against their will:
 Yet other-some, as all Men knows,
 Who should be sent, were near to blows;
 That is, at very boist'rous words,
 Putting their Hands upon their Swords,
 To make Men think that they were stout,
 When it was known the World throughour,
 To fight your Foes when they were sent,
 They always took the *Box* a-scent,
 And running from the Fight by stealth,
 Would then sit down, and *drink your Health*.
 And since they could not think, like *Asses*,
 To beat your Foes by *drinking Glasses*,
 It's evident, Sir, as we think,
 They drank your Health for love of *Drink*.

Yet many, Sir, were disappointed,
Who so forsook the Lord's Anointed;
They were not all alike regarded;
Some well, and some were ill Rewarded:
They who play'd best with both the Hands,
Enrich'd were by their Neighbours Lands.
Some from their Creditors got Refuges,
Some were made Clerks, and others Judges;
Some swearing that their Stocks were spent,
Strove to get down their Annual Rent;
Detaining, Sir, by that Extortion,
The Fatherless and Widow's Portion,
Which Usuring Fathers lent to Lairds,
Who play'd it all at Dice and Cards;
Which forc'd some Lasses to Miscarriage,
Because they could not get a Marriage:
But among those of stricter Life
The Truth-tell Colour grew so rife,
That it marr'd all the Charms and Graces
Of those who could not paint their Faces.

Y

But other some got *Mocks* and *Scorns*,
 By giving to their Landlords *Horns*,
 And spewing Claret mull'd with Eggs
 Between the Lord Protector's Legs,
 When they did endeavour to Pray
 Before him on a *Fasting-day*.
 Some *Whalley's Bible* did begary,
 By letting flee at it *Canary*,
 Taking it up, where it lay next,
 That they might read on it the *Text*,
 When *Cromwell* Preach'd, with great applause
The Revelation of his Cause;
 And some of them empawn'd their Cloaks,
 And other some brought home the Pox,
 Giving foul Linens all the Wite.
 Some turn'd *Tour Friends* for meer despite,
 Vowing *Tom* never to withstand
 Again, without something in hand;
 And some turn'd *Ordinance-forsakers*;
 Others, for grief of heart, turn'd *Quakers*.

Some in their Conscience took remorse,
 Crying, *I'm damn'd*, till they grew hoarse,
 And made the flanders by admira,
 To see them take the Fats of *Spina*,
 To bring those troubled Souls to peace,
 Some read *Alvarez's Helps to Grace* ;
 Some, *Sanctuary of a troubled Soul* ;
 Some cited *Passages of Paul*,
 Explaining well what he did say ;
 Some read on *Mr. Andrew Gray* ;
 Some told, *The Danger of Back-sliding*,
 Some, *The Good of Faith-abiding* ;
 Some read the Cases of *Richard Binning*,
 Some *Ferguson* read of *Kilwinning* ;
 And some them pressed very sore
 To hear a little of *Doctor More* :
 But others cry'd, *Away, and Tush*,
 With *Nettles* in a *balmy Bush*,
 With *blind Pilots* guiding *Ferries*,
 With *Wasps* lurking in *Straw-berries*,
 His Doctrine of *Justification*
 Drives all the Court to *Desperation* ;

Few

Few *there* are saved, as we guess,
 By their *Inherent Righteousness*.
 He hath some *Good* among his *Evils*,
 He tells of *Bastard-getting Devils* :
 Of their *Bodies*, or *Vehicles*,
 Their *Heraldry* and *Conventicles* ;
 It's sport to see his *Fancy* wander
 In their *Male* and *Female Gender*.
 He doth so punctually tell
 The whole *Oeconomy* of *Hell*,
 That some affirm he is *Puck-Hairy*,
 Some, he hath walked with the *Fairy*.
 Though *Intellectuals* be near,
 Though he *mean well*, and is no *Cheat*.
 His *Case* is desperate and sad,
 For *too much Learning* makes him *mad*.
 We'll read on the *True Converts Mark*,
 Or we will read on *Bessie Clark*,
 Or else on *Baker's Heavenly Beam*,
 Or on the *Lady Culross's Dream* ;
 Which sundry drunken *Asses* flout,
 Not seeing the *Jewel* within the *Clout* :

Like

The Scotch HUIBERRAS.

61

Like Combs of Cocks, who take no heed
When they *Giver* or *Chancer* read.
When they had said and read their fill,
It did not cure the *Patient's* Ill :
They still cry on, and howl, and mourn,
Their Counsels would not serve the turn.
No Comfort at all find they can,
Until a Grave and Reverend Man
Advis'd them to resist *Temptation*
With *Spanish Wine* and *Fornication*.

Those *Rebels*, also to obey,
Those Hirelings ceas'd for *Ion* to Pray,
Because their *Stipends* and their *Living*
Were at the fore said *Rebels* Giving :
They thought a Man a *Venial Sinner*,
Who left *Sworn Duty* for his *Dinner* ;
Yea, some of them were of opinion,
They might Pray for that *Devil's* *Minion* :
They would not stick, for love of Pelf,
To Pray, Sir, for the *Devil* himself.

But *We*, in the *Usurpers* faces,
 Remembred You in *Prayers* and *Graces* :
 And if we had had *Guns* and *Swords*,
 Our *Actions* would have back'd our *Words*.
 Our Fault, Sir, was, for which we moan,
 We thought to do it *all alone*.
 Since it was only want of *Wit*,
 Since it was a *Distraction-fit*,
 We pray you, Sir, be no Despiser
 Of us, whom God hath made no wiser.

Royal Sir, To those our Times
 Apply'd may be a Poet's Rhimes,
 Who courstly singeth, *That a Wight*
Obeying Kings in Wrong or Right,
If that the King to wrack shall go,
Will in like manner turn his Foe :
But who obey no sinful thing,
Do still prove Constant to their King.
 The Rhime is barbarous and rude ;
 But, Sir, the Saying's Rich and Good ;

2A HULCH 1000-200
The Scotts HUDIBRAS.

83

In Print yet forth it hath not crept,
We have it in a Manuscript :
The *Good-man* keeps it, as we think,
Behind a Dish, upon the Bink ;
And yet it's thought by many a Man
Most worthy of the *Vatican* ;
It's worthy, Sir, of your *Saint James*,
That stands upon the River *Thames* :
Ye'll not find Saying such another,
Put all their *Gilded Books* together,
Tho with these Two ye join in one
The *Bibliotheke* of *Prest'r John* :
Cause Pages cry it still before ye,
As *Philip* did, *Memento Mori*.

Since then we Arm for *Conscience-sake*,
May't please you, Sir, some pity take,
And not by *Bishops Instigation*
Inforce on us the *Declaration*,
Nor make us give, beyond our reach,
To keep's from hearing *Hirelings Preach*,

Whc

Who last Year Preached Oaths to TAKE,
 And this Year Preacheth them to BREAK.
 When they have forced Men to Take them,
 Then first of all *Themselves they Break them.*
 Except God, Sir, their Manners mend,
 They'll Oath it to the World's end.
 Men either must *Forswear* themself,
 As oft as They *Turn Coats* for Pelf;
 Or else, their *Conscience* is so scurvy,
 They will turn all things *Topsie-turvy.*
 And we will give what we can reach,
 To keep's from hearing *those Men Preach;*
 As *Achifons, Balbies, and Placks,*
 Which is enough, Sir, for our Packs.
 Likewise, in any other thing
 We will obey you, as our King.
 If ye require it at our hands,
 We'll quit to you both Lives and Lands.
 Nothing to fight can us compel,
 (Except to keep our Souls from Hell)
 Whatever Mischief us befall,
 Or else *the Devil take us all.*

Ye need not, Sir, distrust or fear,
When *Outlaw-Whigs* do Ban or Swear;
It doth unto the World appear,
Keeping our Oaths bath cost us dear.
We pray God, That Your Majesty,
And then Your Royal Progeny,
May Peace and Truth with us defend,
As KINGS, unto the World's end.
We with all Duty and Respect
Your Gracious Answer do expect.

*A Debate between the Knight and
Squire about the Mending the
Petition, and who should carry
it to the KING.*

AND thus the Supplication ended,
The Squire cry'd out, *It should be mended.*
Being desir'd to tell the Cause,
First with all Ten his A--- he claws,
And then his Elbow, and his Head,
Winking a while as he were dead,
And clapping both Hands on his Snout,
At last his Reason tumbled out;
To wit, *It did not move to give
Renewing of the Covenant.*

Knight

Knight.

At which the *Knight* gave such a groan,
As would have rent a heart of stone ;
And casting both his eyes to Heaven,
He said, Not though the Earl of *Leven*
Were on our Heads, we durst not do it ;
Tis base to put the *King* so to it :
Tis a most presumptuous thing
To cross the *Conscience* of a *King*.
Some honest men did never *take* it,
Some honest also were who *brake* it :
But he who breaks't against his light,
Let it be *wrong*, let it be *right*,
By *Prophets* and *Apostles* leave,
We dare aver, *He is a Knave*.
In *singulars* we will not harp,
For the *Apply* will be too *Sharp* :
He put down *Bishops*, to our cost,
Let *Two* or *Three*, still rul'd the Roast ;

Some of which play'd such pranks at home,
 As never *Pope* presum'd at *Rome*.
 It is the simplest of all Tricks
 To suffer Fools have Chopping-sticks :
 A Sword put in a Wood-man's hand
 Bred meikle Trouble to the Land.

Squire.

The *Squire* reply'd, They're scarce of News
 Who tell's, *Their Mother* haunted *Stews* :
 Who on his *Brother* rubs disgrace,
 He spits upon his *Mother's* face.
 Each *Covenanter* is our *Brother*,
 The *Covenant* of all is *Mother*.
 Their Wit is dull, and very gross,
 Who think where *Gold* is, there's no *Dross* ;
 Where there is *Corn*, there may be *Chaff* ;
 Where there is *Malt*, there may be *Drass* ;
Thistles with *Corn* grow on the Rigs,
 And *Rogues* may lurk among the *Whigs*.

And Friars in *Lent* may be *Flesh-eaters*,
 And *Covenanters* may be *Cheaters*,
 And *Weeds* grow up with fairest *Flowers*,
 And *fighing Sisters* may be *Whores*.
 It's known to all, the *Devil* may dwell
 In some of *Fourteen* as of *Twell*.
 To blame a *Cause* for *Persons Vices*,
 Is one of *Satan's* main *Devices*,
 By which he very oft doth make
 Well-meaning Men the *Truth* forsake.
 But let us first the *Question* state,
 Before we enter in debate,
 Which of the *Two* should bear the sway.
 The *Mitres*, or the *Elders Lay*.

Knight.

The *Knight* did pause a pretty while,
 Then answer'd with a scornful smile,
 Tell thee, Fool, I think *Government*
 Of Church a thing of small *Concernment* :

The truth it's very hard to find,
 It puzzleth the Learnedst Mind.
 Some do the *Presbyt'ry* conceive,
 New forg'd by *Calvin* at *Geneve* :
 Some say, He puts to Execution
Paul the Apostle's Institution,
 Which suffered *Exile* and *Ejection*,
 The time of *Paul's* foretold *Defection*.
 Some say, Since *Bishops* did appear
 It's more than Fifteen hundred Year ;
 Some say, That *then* they did begin
 The Pope of *Rome* to usher in ;
 That *Paul's* Iniquities *Mystery*-working ;
 Was Men then for Precedence forking.
 Some *Presbyterians* do conclude ;
 But *Bishops* say, Such thoughts delude,
 Which come from Brains which have ~~A~~ Bee,
 Like *Urquhart's* *Trigonometry*.
 Some *Bishops* prove by *Scripture-phrases*,
 As by the word *ἰουδαϊσμός*.
 How *John* the *Angels* *Sev'n* did greet,
 Why *Paul* did *Titus* leave in *Creet* :

But other-some boldly assert,
 Who reason so, the Text pervert.
 Some call the Bishops *Weather-Cocks*,
 Who where their *Heads* were turn their *Docks*;
 Still stout for them who give them most,
 And who will make Them rule the Roast.
 Some say, That *Bishops* have been good,
 And seal'd the Gospel with their Blood;
 As ready for the Truth at call,
 As any *Whig* among us all.
 Perhaps a railing foolish Ranter
 Will tell, A *Bishop* *Covenanter*
An honest Clergy-man will be,
When Cable passeth Needles eye;
 For some of such have play'd at *Pavy*;
 Though all the Cables of the Navy
 In one, should pass through Needles eye,
Whigs still would doubt their Honesty.
 Some say, A *Bishop* *Covenanter*,
 If a penitent Repenter,
 Causes more joy to *Spirits Divine*
 Than all the other *Ninety nine*.

Some father Tales upon King *James*,
To sundry *Presbyterian Dames*,
That he was forc'd of Knaves to make them,
For Devil an honest man would take them.
Some say, The King gave never leave
To make a *Bishop* of a *Knave* :
That those Men are *evil speakers*,
Tax'd by *Jude*, *Spiritual Quakers* :
That none doth hate *Nobility*
For *Quakers* blaming *Heraldry*.
And some again are, who compare
Our *Bishops* unto *baiting Bears* ;
Who, if they be not kept in aw,
They will tear all with Teeth and Paw
Yet tractable in every thing,
If in their Snout ye put a Ring.
And many Men again there be,
Who say the same of *Presby'try* :
And some say *this*, and some say *that*,
And some affirm *they know not what* :
It's strange to see them *Scripture* vex,
And wrest it like a *Nose of Wax* ;

And he who is deceived most,
All fathers on the *Holy Ghost*.
Some quitting *Prophets* and *Apostles*,
Think best to plead the Cause with *Pestils* ;
And some do dispute by *Tradition* ;
Some call that *Popish Superstition* ;
And some affirm, That they had rather
Follow a *Council* than a *Father* ;
And some affirm, It boots not whether,
They are *blind Leaders all together*.
And since the *Truth* is found by none,
No more than is that *Turn-Gold-Stone*,
It's best, *Zancho*, for ought I see,
To take a Pint, and then agree.
Let men have *Bishops* at their ease,
And hear what Preachers best them please.
If we be freed of *Declaration*,
And of that other great *Vexation*
We mentioned in our *Petition*,
We'll alter it on no condition :
Then we will serve the *King* as much
Against the *Dane*, and *French*, and *Dutch*,

As any in his *Three Dominions*
 Who hateth *Us*, or our *Opinions*.
 If he command us, we will come,
 Like *Goths*, and scale the *Walls* of *Rome*,
 And bereave *Babel's* Whore of Breath,
 Or die the Duke of *Bourbon's* Death.

Squire.

The *Squire* made many an odd Grimace,
 Ere he could speak, like *Balaam's* *Ass* :
 Sometime he wink'd, sometime look'd up,
 And running backward like a *Tup*,
 For to return with greater force,
 He snorted like a very Horse ;
 One thought upon another tumbled,
 One while he grinn'd, another grumbled ;
 At last, like *Cant*, or *Trail*, or *Drury*.
 He gave a Broad-side in a fury :
 Looking as he would eat them all,
 His words flew out like *Cannon-bail*.

The *love of Pelf* comes from the *Devil*,
 It's root of *all Mischief* and *Evil* ;
 It makes Lords sup without a Candle,
 When none can see their Knife to handle ;
 While to bring Candles Servants lingers,
 Ten Candles will not heal their Fingers ;
 It makes Foreheads and Shins to bleed,
 By saving Candle to light to Bed ;
 It makes them keep their *Cellar-keyes* ;
 Set secret Marks on Hams and Cheese,
 Which if but in the least defaced,
 Wives, Servants, Bairns are all menaced :
 It makes them prig for Milk and Eggs,
 Put in a Broth Cocks Halfs and Legs ;
 It makes them Clout Elbows and Breasts,
 Keep rinded Butter in Charter Chests,
 Till Rats eat all their Law-Defences,
 And Families old Evidences ;
 It makes them pay their Masons Wages
 By Usury on Weds and Gadges
 Taken from Widows, who were Plunder'd
 By paying Forty in the Hundred ;

It corrupts *Hamell*, sharp and sweet ;
It poysons all, like *Aconite* ;
If it touch *Hide*, it goes to *Heart*,
And so affecteth every part.
The Great Ones do betray their Trust,
Ladies throw Honour in the Dust,
Like those who trod the *Cyprian* Dance
With that *Financier* of *France*.
It *Puritans* doth make of *Ranters*,
And *Cavaliers* of *Covenanters* ;
Of *Lords* and *Earls* it makes *Drapers*,
Of *Priests* and *Levites* it makes *Capers* :
It maketh *Grave* and *Reverend* *Cheats*
In *Pulpits* and *Tribunal* *Seats* :
For any *Crime* it finds *Defences* ;
With *Oaths* it, like a *Pope*, *dispences* :
It causeth among Brethren strife ;
It makes a *Man* Pimp to his *Wife* :
It makes yield *Fortresses* and *Towns*
Sooner than *Armies* with *Great Guns* :
It sets a-fire *Cities* and *Streets* ;
It raiseth *Tragedies* in *Fleets* :

It makes the Vanquished *Victorious*;
 And *Foil* than *Victory* more Glorious;
 It makes *Rebellion* rise and fall,
 And hath such Influence on *All*,
 That whom it made *Rebellious Nurfes*,
 It *Loyal* makes, to fill their *Purses*:
 It causeth many a *bloody Strife*
 When needy *Male-Contents* grow rise:
 Then *Church* and *State* by it are mended,
 And will betill the World be ended.
 Master, We all observe and mark,
 Since ye once doubt, ye will embark.
 Why do ye *Conscience* to neglect?
 Or what, Master, can ye expect?
 Although among the *Whigs* ye Preach.
 A *Bishoprick* ye cannot reach;
 For *Bishopricks* are given to none
 Like Presbyterian *John Gillon*,
 Who, when he takes his *Preaching-turn*,
 Will make more *laugh* than he makes *mourn*.
 Ye have infus'd in us *Sedition*,
 Ye will us leave in that condition:

And

And then cause Print a *Book of Season*,
Tax whom ye have seduc'd of *Treason*.
And when so doing, all men see
Ye sing the *Palinode of Lee*.
The *Cavaliers* will still you call
The *Archeft Rebel* of us all.
Thus having said, he made a halt,
And stood like *Lot's Wife* turn'd to Salt.
With Ear attentive, earnest Eye,
He did expect the *Knight's Reply*.

Knight.

Who stroak'd his Beard, and bit his Lip,
And wip'd his Nose, and scratch'd his Hip;
He wry'd his Mouth, and knit his Brows,
He changed more than twenty hues;
His Hands did tremble, his Teeth did chatter,
His Eyes turn'd up, his Bum did clatter,
His Tongue on Teeth and Gums did hammer,
He fain would speak, but still did stammer;

His

His Garb was strange, dreadful, uncouth,
 Till through his Epileptick Mouth
 Those following Speeches fierce and loud
 Burst out, like Thunder through a Cloud.
 Thou poysons all, my little *Grex*,
 Thou Sentence-speaking *Carnifex*;
 Thou hardy and presumptuous are,
 To meddle so with Peace and War.
 Rub my Horse Belly and his Coors,
 And (when I get them) dight my Boots;
 For they are better than *Gramashes*
 For me, who through the Dubs so plashes:
 Yet I'll wear none, till I put on
 Those of the Priest of *Livingston*;
 Who, when they hid them in the Rigs,
 Said they were plunder'd by the *Whigs*,
 Unto another Priest, his Marrow,
 Who sent a Maid his Boots to borrow,
 Whose Boots were plundered indeed,
 As was his *Salt-Beef* and his *Steed*.
 Teach what I please, thou'lt not forbear
 To meddle with things above thy Sphere;

Like

Like *Tailors* making *Boots* or *Shoes*,
Or like *Shoe-makers* making *Hose*;
Like some I know, as blind as *Owls*,
Playing at *Tennis* and at *Bowls*,
And sometime *shooting at a Mark*,
Like *Passavantius* playing the *Clerk*,
Who meddled with he knew not what,
That he might get from *Rome* a *Hat*.
Men oft by change of station tines,
Good Lawyers may prove *bad Divines* ;
Like *Sadolecto's* Dog in *Sattin*,
Like *Ignoramus* speaking *Latine*,
Which raised most unnatural Jars,
As between *Law* and *Gospel Wars*.
Like *Bembo's* Parrot singing *Masses*,
Like Men of *Sev'nty* Courting *Lasses* ;
Like *Highland-Ladies* knoping *Speeches*,
When they are scolding for the *Breeches* ;
Like *Maffiavello* freeing *Naples*
From *Gables* put on *Roots* and *Apples* ;
Like *Tailors* scanning *State-Concernments*,
Or *Cobblers* clouting *Church-Governments* ;

Like

Like some attempting Tricks in *Statics*,
 Not vers'd in *Euclid's Mathematicks*;
 Like *Pipers* mending *Morley's Musick*,
 Or *Gard'ners Paracelsus's Physick*;
 Like *Atheists* pleading *Law-refuges*,
 Like *Country Treisters* turning *Judges*;
 Like *Preachers* stirring up *Devotions*
 By preaching *Military Motions*,
 Proving their *Uses* and *Didacticks*
 By passages of *Ælian's Tactics*;
 Like *Ladies* making *Water* standing,
 Like *young Lairds* *Horse* and *Foot* commanding.
 Like *Monkeys* playing on a *Fiddle*,
 Or *Eunuchs* on a *Ladies middle*;
 Like *Gilliwetfoots* purging *States*
 By *Papers* thrown in *Pocks* or *Hats*,
 That they might be, when purg'd from *Dung*,
Secretaries for the *Irish Tongue*.
 Great Wounds, yet curable, still fester,
 When Fools presume to rule their Master;
 And sad experience teach'd of late,
 When *such* Reformed *Church* and *State*:

Though

Though all the *Publick* did pretend,
 All almost had a *private End*;
 There was no Place of *War* or *State*,
 But was by *Twenty* aimed at;
 Whereof *Nineteen* were disappointed,
 Which made the Body whole disjointed,
 And rais'd among them such *Divisions*,
 That they were to their Friends derisions.
 Some aim'd at the *Embroider'd Purse*,
 Some the *Finances* to disburse;
 And other-some thought to be getters
 By writing of the *Privy Letters*;
 Some aim'd at *Privy-Seal* or *Rolls*,
 Some *Customs* gather in, and *Tells*;
 Some did *dry Quarterings* enforce,
 Some lodg'd in *Pockets* Foot and Horse:
 Yet still Bog-scented, when they yoaked,
 For *all the Garrison* in their Pocket;
 And some made Men mortgage their Lands,
 To lend Money on *publick Bands*,
 To be pay'd at the *Resurrection*;
 Some Fines pay'd, who oppos'd defection;

Some

Some sold the Soldiers Mity Meal,
And some did from the *Publick* steal;
And some, as every body says,
Us'd more than other twenty ways:
Yet, notwithstanding all of that,
They were *lean Kine* devouring fat.
None gained by those bloody Fairds,
But a few *Beggars*, who turn'd *Lairds*,
Who stealing publick *Geese* and *Wethers*,
Were freed by rendring *Skin* and *Feathers*.
When others of this Church and Nation
Return unto their former station;
And now, for all their stomachs stout,
Come home *more Fools* than they went out.
Thou, like a *Fire-brand*, dost advise
Us to be *Fools*, when *All* are *Wise*:
Thy endeavours are all in vain,
For we shall play such pranks again.
The *Patagons* shall *Masses* mumble,
The *Dons* of *Spain* shall all be humble;
Italians shall speak as they think,
Germans when *Sun's* set shall not drink;

Swedes gaining day shall not pile *Baggage*,
And *English* hate shall *Beef* and *Cabbage* ;
The *Russ* and *Pole* shall never jar,
Danes shall gain by a *Swedish* War ;
Victorious *Turk* shall stand to Reason,
Scots shall be beat, and not blame *Treason* ;
The *Dutch* shall *Brandy* slight and *Butter*,
And *England* Conquer by *De Ruyter* ;
The first-burnt Ardour of *French* Hearts
Shall not turn to a rack of Farts,
And they shall *spell* as they do *speak*,
And they shall *sing* as they do *prick* ;
With Oaths they shall not lard their Speeches
Nor change the fashion of their Breeches ;
All shall have for assured News,
That Pope from *Rome* hath banish'd *Stews* ;
Rebellion shall return from *Hell*,
And do things which I will not tell.
Though it were true, as some compares,
Our *Bishops* unto *baiting* Bears,
Who, if they be not kept in aw,
They will tear all with Teeth and Paw :

Yet many utterly mislikes,
 That Butcher *Presbyterian Tikes*
 Should flee upon their Throats and Faces,
 To curb their *Lordships* and their *Graces* :
 His Majesty, without all doubt,
 Should only ring them in the Snout,
 If they so swell, that none can bide
 Their *Malice*, *Avarice*, and *Pride* ;
 Vices, which all the World doth ken
 Familiar to *Clergy-men* :
 Of which, *though palliate with Art*,
 Our own *Presby'try* had their part.
 Our Duty is, *With all submission*
 To press the grant of our *Pétition* ;
 The *King* will suffer us, perchance,
 As *Lewis* doth *Hugonots* in *France*,
 And in his Wars, Civil and Foreign,
 Make me *Command in Chief*, like *Turain* :
 And though he grant not our *Demands*,
 Away with *Covenants* and *Bands* ;
 Kings must *Command*, We must *Obey*,
 They *Rebels* are who *Truth* gainsay.

Some tell, *We must the Truth so love,*
As of it not to quite a boove.
 As said another Fool, thy Marrow,
 As if His Majesty were *Pharaoh*.
 For my part, e're I trouble Peace,
 I'll *Bishops* call, *My Lord*, and *Grace* ;
 And kneel at the *Communion-Table*,
 Make *Christmas-Feasts*, if I be able :
Private Sacraments I'll avow,
Childrens Confirming I'll allow ;
 And I will hear the *Organs* play,
 And *Amen* to the *Service* say ;
 I'll *Surplice* wear, and *High-sleev'd Gown*,
 And to the *Altar* I'll bow down ;
 Yea, e're His Majesty be wroth,
 I'll *Primate* be, and *Chancellor* both.

Squire.

The *Squire* replied in a Chafe,
 (He grinn'd so, that he seem'd to laugh)

And when ye travel in Carosses,
 Ye will salute the High-way Crosses ;
 And when with Danger ye are press'd,
 Ye will *Cross-sign* Forehead and Breast ;
 And ye will to our *Lady* Pray,
 And travel on the *Sabbath-day* ;
 And ye will play with Lords and Lairds
 All Sermon-time at Dice and Cards ;
 And Duels fight, like those of *France*,
 And drunk and Cripple lead a Dance ;
 And ye will venture *Ax* and *Rope*,
 By writing Letters to the *Pope*,
 To tell him, Though ye here be *Haman*,
 Ye worship with the King, like *Naaman* ;
 And then accuse us *All* of *Treason*,
 When ye put out your *Book of Season*,

Knight,

The *Knight* look'd fiercely round about,
 Thus thundring with a dreadful shout,

Constant Madness thy Brains intrals,
 Thou hast no lucid Intervals ;
 Thy waspish Tongue will never fail
 To prate, to scold, revile and rail ;
 Though Men should bray thee all to Powder,
 Thou still, *Theristes*, plays the louder.
 All honest and unbyass'd ken
 Those whom thou mean'st were *Worthy Men*;
 They had some faults, though not so big
 As rotten Flies, to spoil a Pig
 Of Oyntment : Sooner, it is known,
 We others *Faults* see, than our own.
Presbyterian never one,
Faultless, at them could cast a stone.
 It's certain it comes from the Devil,
 To *hide* Mens Good, and *tell* their Evil ;
 They never learned that of *Paul*,
 Or *David*, when he mourn'd for *Saul*.
 Thou art a Cocks-comb void of reason,
 To tell me of a *Book of Season* ;
 Thou learn'dst when thou kept *Sheep & Hogs*
 With one Stone for to hit two Dogs.

Thou

Though thou spew Venom like a Toad,
That Book is much esteem'd abroad.

Squire.

The *Squire* replied, Many deem,
Beyond Seat it is in esteem :
When once it pass'd *Pentland Firth*,
It rais'd among them such a Mirth,
That some for laughter burst their Reins,
And other-some did split their Spleens :
They cherish'd it in every School,
To be their *Bibliotheca's Fool*,
When serious Reading Health did spill,
That they might read and laugh their fill :
Physicians it prescrib'd to Men,
As Cure approv'd for the *Spleen* :
At publick Meetings and at Feasts
It was the Topicks of their Jest.
Some say, Since known all his life
To have had with *Bishops* strife ;

Since for the *Covenant* none more wood,
 To make Three Nations swim in Blood ;
 Since he spar'd none whom he could reach,
 Who 'gainst th' *Engagement* did not Preach ;
 Since to the Cause he stuck so fast,
 Since *Bishops* were restor'd at last,
 That in the Pulpit he did grant,
A Bishop was the Devil's Plant ;
 Giving to all his Hearers leave,
 If ever he turn'd, to call him *Knave* :
 And since, as every body says,
 He chang'd in less than twenty days ;
 It's very like, at others bidding,
 He turn'd his Coat for *Cake* and *Pudding*.
 Some say, He is a *sounding Brass*,
 Which signifies a *prattling Ass* :
 He brings no reason which can bind,
 But only fights against the Wind.
 It's clear that it doth with him fare
 As with *Sampson* without his Hair.
 Before his Change his Wit was tough,
 And he could reason well enough :

But now he kytheth like a Fool,
 As one would whip a Boy at School,
 To vend in Print so little Reason,
 And call it, *An Advice in Season*.
 Some say, That he treads Bishops Path,
 As David serv'd the King of Gath.
 Though Men to censure him be rash,
 He gives the Bishops such a dash,
 They need not brag their Cause is won
 By the Foster of *Henderson*.
 Some say, He *Bishops* doth betray,
 That *Presbytry* may gain the day,
 Who fed him for their Champion hidden ;
 Others affirm, They are out-bidden.
 Which makes him take a contrair Task,
 As *Edward* answer'd once *Soutbesk*.
 A modest Man wrote in a Letter,
He might have pleaded meikle better.
 The Charitable do not fear,
 But for a Thousand Marks a Year
 He would the *Bishops* yet withstand,
 If *Covenanters* Ruin'd the Land.

Knight

Knight.

Then said the *Knight*, Though in a Morter
I bray this Fool, to no Exhorter
Thou wilt give ear. He'll put thee to it.

Squire.

(do it ?)

To whom the *Squire*, What though he
Both *Reason* there and *Justice* halts,
Where *one's* *blam'd* for *another's* *faults*.
Was never Judge did thing so foul,
Except himself once at *Saint Rule* :
He forg'd Records, and them Enacted
To bear *false* *Witness* when Extracted.
I cannot tell, till I advise,
Whether he did it twice or thrice.

Next,

Next, I will tell, *That he gave leave,*
If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave ;
 But he can challenge no Reflection
 Put on him at his own direction :
 Ho is oblig'd to keep his word,
 As well as one who wears a Sword.
 But if he chance to be so wroth,
 As to break *Word* as well as *Oath*,
 I'll tell him, *I take frantick Fits,*
And am distracted of my Wits,
 As He and Others said of late,
 When they Misguided Church and State.
 And I them tax'd of Forg'd Records,
 As I can prove before the *Lords*.
 If that succeed not, it effects
 That I be judged by my *Peers* :
 That is, by Fifteen Poetafters,
 Half Fools, half Beggars, half Burletquers :
 All of them proved Drinkers, Whorers,
 By Preachers, Forgers, and Perjurers,
 F're such a *Jury* can be gotten,
 It's certain I'll be dead and rotten.

Or if Justice so shall halt,
As to cause hang me for his Fault,
Hanging to me will be less trouble
Than worrying on a windy Bubble
At a Dike-side, or under a Stair,
If Weather be not very fair.

Knight.

But then the *Knight*, We hear he'll quarrel,
That thou once served *Albemarle*.

Squire.

To which the *Squire*, I have no fears,
He dare not challeng't for his Ears;
For I can make appear to all,
They tofs'd me to him like a Ball.
Next, Ask that Duke, In any thing
If e're I did prejudge the King.
I forc'd was to dissimulation,
To shun a Rope, and serve my Nation.

I did no Evil, but meikle Good,
 Saving Mens Money and their Blood ;
 Which Services I did for nought,
 Which were from Men far Richer bought.
 That Duke can tell, He did suspect it,
 Albeit, to try, he did neglect it ;
 When by their crafty Instigation
 He urg'd was to my Accusation.
 They all tell now of *Albemarl*,
 But they told him another quarrel ;
 In Pleading I could touch a string,
 Whose sound will make their Ears to ring.

Knight.

The *Knight* said, Tush, they'll no more stir
 Than Moon when bark'd at by a Cur.
 For all thy prate, on no condition
 I mind to alter the Petition.

Squire.

Squire.

Then said the *Squire*; If ye'll not mend it,
Advise at least by whom to send it,
Since we petition for *Religion*,
Your *Lady*, or your *Dog*, or *Pigeon*,
Were fittest to be sent: If other,
I'm fore afraid we lose a *Brother*:
For I dare swear upon th'*Evangel*,
When he hath got from each his *Angel*,
To help his *Charges* to defray,
The Fellow will us all betray.

Knight.

When things succeed not, Fools do flight,
Giving *Betraying* all the wite,
Reply'd the *Knight*: They said of late,
They were *Betray'd*, when they were *Beat*;
And they said true: who did not stand,
Betrayed are by *Heart* and *Hand*.

But

But to the Point : As for my *Wife*,
 I'll never send her in my life ;
 For fear some *Courtier* or other
 Would make me Old *King Arthur's* Brother.
 My *Dog* is an unruly Cur,
 And at the Court will keep a stir,
 Seeing *Conformists* up and down,
 He barks so at a *High-sleev'd Gown*,
 That Bishops either will cause stone him,
 Or else yoke Butchers Dogs upon him.
 As for my *Pigeon*, it cannot be,
 She hath another gate to flee :
 A Message she hath ta'n in hand,
 To search for that most Happy Land,
 Unknown to any heretofore,
 But only to Sir *Thomas More*,
 Where we intend to fix Plantation,
 If forc'd to change our Habitation.
 And since a Poet rightly hits,
 That greatest Fools have greatest Wits,
 To shun self-dealing, it is fit
 To chuse one not out-grown in Wit :

So he can Buffoonise and Jest,
At publick Meeting, and at Feast,
And catch a time to tell the Truth,
Like *David's* Great-Grandmother *Ruth*.

The *Whigs* with an applauding halloo,
Cry'd out, *His Counsel they would follow*.
Which once concluded, all arose,
And set on Pans to make their Brose.
When after that some *Fools* were nam'd
To be employ'd, they all were blamed,
And none thought fit ; they still enquire.
And find none fitter than the *Squire* :
On him then they enforc'd the Message.
When he went out on his Embassage,
How at the *Court* he did arrive,
How to affront him they did strive ;
But how the *Buffoons* all he outed,
How *Hudibras's* *Squire* he routed,
When they Two yoaked by the ears
About the *Baiting of the Bears* ;

And how he manag'd every thing,
And how he Harangu'd to the King ;
And how he cited *ends of Verse*,
And *Sayings of Philosophers* ;
At which some *laugh'd*, and some were *vex'd*.
Ye'll be advertis'd by the next.

The End of the First Part.

H

THE

MOCK POEM

The Second Part

Overlooked and overlooked with
and overlooked

and overlooked
and overlooked
and overlooked

THE
SCOTCH
Hudibras:
OR, A
MOCK POEM

The Second Part.

*Corrected and Amended, with Additions
and Alterations.*

L O N D O N,

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THE
SCOTCH HUDIBRAS:
OR, A
MOCK POEM.

PART II.

WHen Bushes budded, and Trees did chip,
And *Lambs* by *Suns* approach did skip;
When Mires grew hard, like toasted Bread,
That Men might through the Carſes ride;
When folks drew Blood of Arms and Legs;
When Geese and Turkies hatched Eggs;

The Broth-HANDY BRAS

When poor folks Pots were fill'd with Nettles;
 When Filth did domineer in Kettles;
 When *Lent* did sore annoy the Glutton;
 When Sun left *Fish* to lodge with *Mutton*;
 When Night and Day were of like length,
 Of *March* the *Eighth*, or *Twelfth*, or *Tenth*;
 When several Criticks, great and small,
 By mending Lines did mar them all;
 When Transcribers preposterous speed
 Made them like Pictures spoil'd with Thread
 On Arras-hangings back-side; when
 The low'r'd Mistakings of some Men
 Made sev'ral Great Wits of the Land
 Blame what they did not understand;
 And some to hunt a Flea contrive,
 The *Squire* near *London* did arrive.
 To meet him *Old* and *Young* came forth,
 As *Rome* did once to see *Jugurth*.
 They knew each passage of his *Journal*,
 Both by *Report*, and by *Diurnal*.
 We dread, they will him sore abuse:
 But let us first invoke the *Muse*.

Tho

Thou *Muse*, who never dost abandon
 Those who have scarce a Leg to stand on
 When they ascend *Parnassus* Mountain,
 Till in the end they taste a Fountain
 Which makes an Owl than *them* sing sweeter,
 Make me once more a Fool in *Metre*,
 That I may be of all admired,
 Confuting *Presbyt'ry*, cashiered,
 Which I of late so much adored ;
 But now, when I get nothing for it,
 Make me, O *Muse*, to change my Note,
 Declare against it, turn my Coat ;
 Restrain, my *Muse*, these stout *Bravado's*,
 Of these stiff-necked *Reformato's*,
 Who still maintain, unto this day,
 They have th'*Office*, though they want *Pay* ;
 In *other's* Harvest putting their *Sicles*,
 Troubling the Land with *Conventicles*.
 Prove, *Muse*, That *Synod-men*, *Church-wardens*,
 Are Bears, and *Synods* are Bear-gardens ;

For both have Tongues, and Teeth, and Nails;
 But, *Muse*, what wilt thou do for *Tails*?
 But that's all one, the matter's small;
 For true Bears have *no Tails at all*.
 And so the *Simile* still jumps,
 Instead of *Tails* thou'lt there find *Rumps*.
 When thou shews how the *Squire* disputed,
 And *Ralph* the *Secretary* confuted,
 That he of Wits almost bereft him.
 But to the *Squire* now; where we left him.

He melted all in Tears for pity
 Seeing the Ruins of the City:
 But when he saw in other places
 Houses arise with goodly faces,
 And Turrets mounting up, and soaring,
 And the Air's Middle-Region boring;
 So Phoenix, when it's burnt in Spices,
 Up starts another from its Ashes.
 Cry'd out the Squire, *Rome* once was burn'd
 By *French*, then World's Mistress turn'd:

The Stotch HUDIBRAS

5.

God may the same to *London* grant, and prosper
If it renew the *Covenant*.
While this he spoke, his Horse he lights off,
And with his Handkerchief he dights off,
Tears from his Eyes; then on the ground
He grov'ling lies Meditabound:
His Horse's grievous succussion
Had so excoriate his Foundation,
That till the Hide his Hips did come on,
The Earth he could not set his Bum on.
Then after sad *Ejaculations*
He vents these following *Meditations*.

Wallace, quoth he, having ado,
Still eat the Quarter of a Cow,
And to the Boot, e're Cloaths were put on,
He would sometimes dispatch a Mutton;
For when he wanted Morning Fare,
He was like *Sampson* without Hair.
A Priest, whose Teeth did Head and Legs swell,
Did still eat Powder'd Beef, and Eggs twel'

Before

Before he Preach'd, else he half dumb sings,
 Like to a Fiddle wanting some strings.
 Hence by experience I gather,
 He is a Liar, though my Father,
 Who thinks a Man can do or speak well,
 Who doth neglect his Fast to break well.
 I am engag'd in a Transaction,
 Quoth he, requiring Tongue and Action,
 That to my Tackling I may fast stick,
 Though I should lose my Ears like *Bastwick*;
 Though they should tie me Heel and Neck fast,
 It's requisite I eat my Breakfast.

This said, his Budget he unlooseth,
 And all the Wealth within discloseth,
 Which for Variety did scorn
 The wealthy *Amalthea's Horn*,
 Or the rich Abbey of St. *Lawrence*,
 Or Cabin of the Duke of *Florence* :
 Just like the Pocks of *Graham* and *Guthry*,
 It was his *Vestry* and his *Butt'ry*,

The Scotch HUDIBRAS.

7

His *Larder* and his *Bibliothèque*.
There lies of Oatmeal near a Peck,
With Waters help which Girdles hot bakes;
And turns to Bannocks and to Oat-Cakes.
There a piece Bief, there a piece Cheefe lies,
And there an old Night-Cap of Freeze lies,
His Head-attire when he the House keeps,
On which now here and there a Louse creeps.
Here lies a Pair of Shoes ne'r put on,
And there lies a poor Man of Mutton.
There lies half dozen Ells of Pig-tail,
There his Panash, a Capons big Tail,
With white in middle, shining Star-like,
And there be Onion-heads and Garlick,
The Food of *Turkish Janizaries*;
There *Turpentine* and *Lary-Berries*,
His Medicine for passage sweer,
That for the *Van*, these for the *Reer*;
And there a piece of powder'd Fish lies,
And there some Butter in a Dish lies;
There Turnips thirty Inch about lies,
And there some Pepper in a Clout lies;
There

There Fingram Stockins spun on Rocks lies,
And there his Sneezing-Miln and Box lies ;
There lies his Elson and his Lingle,
Which double-sol'd Shoes makes of single,
With help of old pieces of Leather ;
There lies some Wool that he did gather,
Left by the Sheep as certain Pledges
They were entangled in the Hedges.
There Clouts and Papers little Mugs stops,
As in Apothecaries Drug-shops,
With Vinegar and Oyl for Sallads ;
And there lies Books, and here lies Ballads,
As *Davie Lindsay*, and *Gray Steel*,
Squire Meldrum, *Bewis*, and *Adam Bell* ;
There *Bruce* and *Wallace* fierce like *Mars Knight* ;
There lies *Dialogues* which his Ar-- dight ;
There last *Goodnight*, and *Cheruy-Chace*,
With *Gens d'Arms* in the Frontispiece,
Which makes more weep when they read on it,
Than *Curates Sermons*, sic upon it !
And there lies, Bands, Shirts and Cravats ;
There two three Skins of Lambs and Rabbers,

For to commence a *London Trade* ;
 And this was all the Wealth he had.
 But pardon me, I had forgot,
 There was some other thing I wot ;
 I think it Powder was, and Lead,
 To shoot the Bishop through the Head.

He takes a *Bible* with Covering worn off,
 And ending and beginning torn off :
 He reads, and then he says his *Grace*,
 Then to his *Victuals* falls apace.

When first bit scarce down Throat was sliding,
 Within a days march of the Midding ;
 Then he a Multitude espies
 Approaching him with shouts and cries :
 He leaves his *Victuals*, falls a gazing,
 Just like a Tup when he's a grazing ;
 When Folks come by, he slights his food,
 Stares in their face, and chews his Cud.
 He thought these Fools came out to meet him,
 That first they might salute and greet him,

That

That afterwards they might him bring
 With greater Pomp unto the King.
 Such Honours at their Entry hours
 Are due unto Ambassadors.
 Both Dust and Sweat from Face he rubs off;
 A Looking-glass he makes the Dubs of;
 He trims his Beard, and then his Head too,
 Right's Basket-hilt on Shoulder-blade too;
 His Hands he washes, pares his Nails,
 Takes his Panash of Capons Tails,
 Which he pins on before his Hat;
 He put about a clean Crevat,
 And then upon his Hands he stretches
 Two yellow Gloves with green Silk stitches:
 Leaps to his Horse, and on he went,
 To take and give the Complement,
 While Hips excoriate made him swaddle
 Through all the Corners of the Saddle.

When he the Multitude approaches,
 His Eyes he fix'd first on the Coaches,

Ranged like Wild-Geese in a Line :
 Then cry'd he out, No Friend of mine;
 If I can hinder, those shall enter ;
 'Tis wonder people should so venture,
 To break their Arms, and Legs, and Heads,
 And to disjoint their Shoulder-blades ;
 Ladies to have their naked Breeches
 Both view'd and lanced by the Leeches,
 Which made some *Husbands* forth a Tuck hold,
 Swearing, *the Rogue would make them Cuckold.*
 Those made a Lady of our Land
 Upon her Neck and Shoulders stand,
 With a third of Half-dozen Thighs
 Naked erected to the Skies ;
 And e'r that Posture she was got off,
 Many did see the thing ye wot of :
 Which when they told her, readily
 She answered, *She wonder'd why*
They did not kiss't, and take their leave on't,
It was the last sight they should have on't ;
 She vow'd thereafter, well I wot,
 With her Grand-dame to walk afoot.

When

When Coach-men drink, and Horses stumble,
It's hard to miss a Barla-fumble.

Then he did seriously begin
Well to consider those within;
He soon perceived by their postures
They were no Nuns brought up in Cloisters;
To shew their Legs, some truss their Laps;
Some throw off Scarfs to shew their Paps;
Some Masked were, the Sun to keep out,
Which lifting now and then, they peep out;
Widows from Veils set out their Noses,
As Snails do from their Shelly Houses;
As they would say unto the Gallants,
Come, Gentlemen, behold our Talents;
Come nearer, that we may espy you;
If ye be ought worth, we will buy you:
Where Ten to One some get a Fortune,
As one did with my Lady Norrown.

Among the rest, he did espy ones,
Whom he conceived to be He-ones:

Those

Those he believed were his Mates,
Ambassadours of *Kings* and *States*,
To do him *Honour* at his *Entry*,
With the *Nobility* and *Gentry*.
He cry'd to them to keep the Peace,
And not to wrangle for the Place,
For all of them remembred well
Of that Bowtade of *Bateveile*,
Which cost the Lives of *Brave Commanders*,
And well-nigh lost his Master *Flanders*.
He bids them all take place by Lots,
No King had Place; but He of Scots,
Whose Royal Ancestors, it's clear,
Has kept *One Race* Two thousand Year ;
Whose Successors as yet escaped
The Tricks of *Pepin* and *Hugh Capet*.
Others are not of that Condition,
They're Kings but of a late Edition.
Though some be *small*, and others greater,
Yet who go *first* or *last*, no matter ;
For all their *Gold*, *Spices*, and *Wines*,
They come from *interrupted Lines*.

Being inform'd of his mistake,
 It was to *Ladies* that he spake ;
What, Devil they are ! reply'd the Squire,
 They're *Men* in *Garb*, and in *Attire* :
 They've *Vests*, they've *Swords*, they've *Periwigs*
 They tread the Measure of the *Figs*
 Just like the *Men* ; their Buttocks vaper,
 They cast their Gammons up, and caper ;
 They cajole *Ladies* at the Balls too,
 And standing piss against the *Walls* too ;
 They're *Spurr'd* and *Booted* when they ride too
 And gallop, when they Hunt *astride* too ;
 With *Swords* and *Pistols* they fight hard too
 Some have appearance of a *Beard* too ;
 And, which of all's the greatest wonder,
They lie above, their Gallants under.
 Me's Dames, quoth he, that we may ken
 Whether ye *Women* be, or *Men*,
 It's fit ye open keep before
 About a Trencher-breadth, or more :

The Scotch HUDIBRAS.

15

Ye're Monsters, if that do not measure
The Circuits of your *Holes of Pleasure*.

While he was giving this Advice,
They all furround him in a trice,
All wondring at his Equipage;
Some ask'd his *Horse's* Price and Age;
If there came sympathetick Speed
From *Rider's Heel*, or *Heel of Steed*?
If there came an *Enchanting Force*
To *Master's Purse* from *Skin of Horse*?
Some, Why no Spurs, his sides to claw,
And for Boots several Ropes of Straw?
Why Sods for Saddle, and Branks for Bridle,
And Plaids for Scarf about his middle?
Some asked his *Panashes* Price,
If 'twas a Bird of Paradise?
Some ask'd if Basket-hilt and Dudgeon
Had ever set a-work Chyrurgeon?
Some jeer'd the long Crown of his Hat,
Some at his Gloves, some his Crevat;

Asking more Questions at once
 Than would have puzz'd *John of Dance*,
 Or *Benaventure*, or *Socinus*,
 Or *Biel Ockam*, or *Aquinas*.

When *Sinan-Bassa* charg'd a Hill,
 To try his Military Skill,
 Though many a grievous Wound it got
 By Cannon and by Musquet-shot,
 The Hill did neither bow nor bend,
 Although he charg'd it thrice on end,
 But still abode him face to face,
 Chusing to die upon the place,
 Rather than turn its back, and yield;
 Just so the Squire did keep the Field,
 And bravely did receive their Tongue-shot,
 Just as the Hill did *Sinan's* Gun-shot.
 He stood as senseless as a Stock is,
 Or among raging Waves a Rock is,
 When furiously they knock its Crown,
 To make it break, or make it down.

The Scotch HUDIBRAS.

15

At last he said, with sober grace,
When ye grow hoarse ye'll hold your peace.
Then fair and softly on he tripp'd;
For, like a *Spaniard* when he's whipp'd,
He thought it was a great disgrace
Or to accelerate his pace.

When they him saw so little troubled,
Then they their Questions redoubled :
Some ask'd his *Errand*, and his *Name*,
And from what *Potentate* he came?
From *Turk*, or *Sopbi*, or *Mogul*,
Who wear much *Linen* on their *Skull* ;
Or from either *Tartarian Cham*,
Who of their *Horse-Hips* make a *Ham* ;
Or from *Pegu*, or from *Chine*,
Or from the *Emperour Abyssine* ;
Or from the *Muscovite* or *Poll*,
Or *Dane*, whose chiefest *Wealth* is *Toll* ;
Or from the *Emperour*, or the *Swede*,
Or *Hogen Mogen* Brotherhood ;

From the *Savoyard*, or the *Swisse*,
Who Apples seeth with roasted Geese ;
From *Florentine* or *Portuguese*,
Or from *Morocco*, or from *Fez* ?
Or if he came from *Spain* or *France*,
Or from some *Indian Weerowance*,
To barter Gold, and Beavers Skins
For Glasses, Beads, and Knives and Pins ;
Or from the *Presbyterian Scots*,
Who never yet had turn'd their Coats,
Did he a Supplication bring
To put *Ill Counsel* from the King ;
And that his Majesty would grant
Renewing of the *Covenant* :
And had Commission for to tell him,
If he refus'd they would compel him :
When thus they pressed him so fast,
Patience turn'd Fury at the last :
These last words did him so enrage,
He fac'd about, and gave a Charge ;
Then with his Tongue out, thus he stutters,
With Face a-wry, like Old-Cheese-Cutters.

Ye cursed *Antichristian* Rabble,
 Ye *Mungrels* of the *Whore* of *Babel*;
 Ye *Sectaries* and *Covenant-breakers*,
 Half *Cuckold*, and half *Cuckold-makers*;
 For all your flouting and your ranting,
 When we went first a *Covenanting*,
 Ye did us court; ye did us bribe,
 Invited us, like *Juda's* Tribe,
 To purge your Ten Tribes of *Israel*
 From *Jeroboam's* Calf, and *Baal*:
 Your *Money* mov'd our *Conscience*
 To Arm our selves in your Defence.
 When your Intentions you had got,
 And by our means had underfoot
 Trod all your Foes, and them defeated,
 At last we found we were but cheated.
 Your Quarrel was, Pretended Bondage,
 By reason of *Tonnage* and of *Poundage*,
 To get Militia by Law,
 To keep his Majesty in awe;

To free your selves when *Money* waxes,
 From *Inquisitions* and *Taxes* :
 Your only End was *Self-enriching*,
 Your sole *Religion* was your *Kitchen*.
 You valu'd Puddings sod in Pocks,
 More than Religion Orthodox :
 Whereas we witness *God* and *Angels*,
Prophets, *Apostles*, and *Evangelists*,
 For Trash, or any Earthly Thing,
 We never did oppose the King ;
 Yea, all of us, both great and small,
 Will quit him Lives and Lands and all,
 So he give way to purge the Temple
 As pleaseth Mr. *Gabriel Semple*.
 He spoke so thick, he paus'd a little,
 And having cleans'd his Beard from Spittle,
 Like *Tindale* at the Stake, he cries,
Lord, open the King of England's Eyes,
And then His Majesty will grant
Renewing of the Covenant.

Thus

Thus did he perorate his flitting,
As at *Tarantums* Spiders biting :
They were affected thereanent
According to their Temperament ;
Sanguinians did only laugh,
Cholerick Melancholians chafe ;
Some said, *Hang him* ; some said, *Stone him* ;
And some did Mastifs hunt upon him.
Some *Dapple* under Tail did prick,
And made him bounce, and leap, and kick ;
Some aim'd to tear his Straw Gramashes ;
Some cry, *Have at Beard and Mustaches* ;
Some grasped him about the middle,
Till Bum did sound like Gambo-Fiddle ;
Some would have Breeches down to whip him ;
Some with their Nails did tear and nip him ;
Some with *Briars & Thorns* would scratch him.
One fearing that they would dispatch him,
Who was a Man more moderate,
He made a Court'ie with his Hat,

And

And begged leave to plead his Cause,
According to the Nation's Laws.

Contending with a foolish Tongue,
Quoth he, is but a War with Dung :
Though in the Strife ye prove Victorious,
Dirt makes your Fingers-ends inglorious,
As lately hapned unto one
Who needs would quarrel *Sanderfon*,
And prove he was a *lying Knave* ;
Of which what credit could he have ?
When he had done, he prov'd no more
Than all the World knew before.
To take such pains, imports as much,
As any *doubted* he were such.
Refuting such as he with words,
Is like Canary washing T--ds ;
The Wine in taste and hue grows meaner,
But T--ds grow ne're a whit the cleaner.

This *Simile*, though somewhat rude,
Yet so appeas'd the Multitude,

That

That by degrees their clamour fell,
 Like found of Lute-string, or of Bell,
 When Thumb, or Hammer of a Clock,
 Gives the Epilogizing stroke :
 And in the end, these furious Criers
 Stood silent, like *Observant Friars*,
 Or like to Dumbies making signs,
 Or like to Fiddles wanting Strings,
 Or like to Salmons, or to Cods,
 Or to *Turks*, when they took the *Rhodes*.
 Then piece and piece they dropt away,
 As ripe Plumbs in a Rainy Day :
 Till in the end they all were gone,
 And left him standing all alone.

Likeas, we do observe and see
 In those who are condemn'd to die,
 That they are fore annoy'd and troubled,
 At first, when they cast off their Doublet,
 Truss up their Hair, their Eyes blind-fold,
 That they may not grim Death behold :

Thinking

Thinking their Neck the stroke is hard on,
If any tell them of a Pardon,
Although their Heart be lighted somewhat,
Yet Fear and Hope fight still a Combat,
Till that they hear the Air to ring
With clamours of, *God save the King* ;
Then Hope triumphs, and Fear doth vanish,
Like grief, when it's expell'd by *Spanish* :
Just so the *Squire*, when all at once
They him oppress'd with Fists and Stones,
A gelid Fear his Heart possess'd,
His final hour approach'd he guess'd ;
Trembling he stood in a quandary,
And purg'd, as he had eaten *Lary* ;
As was confirmed by the Speeches
Of those who after wash'd his Breeches.
When he perceived the Retreat,
That flight, quoth he, is but a Cheat ;
Like that of *Greeks*, for to destroy
An ancient City, called *Troy*,
By help of that Tree-Horse of *Pallas*.
It is some Stratagem of *Wallace*,

Who

Who in a Pig-man's Weed, at *Bigger*,
Espied all the *English* Leaguer.
But when he found by certain trial,
The Retreat was not *forg'd*, but *real*,
Then did he resolution shew,
And like a Cock began to crow.

One Man, quoth he, oft-times hath flood,
And put to flight a Multitude,
Like *Sampson*, *Wallace*, and *Sir Bewie*,
And *Finmacoul*, beside the *Lewie*,
Who in a *Bucking-time* of year
Did rout and chase a Herd of Deer,
Till *he* behind, and *they* before,
Did run a hundred Miles and more,
Which questionless prejudg'd his Toes,
For Red-shanks then did wear no Shoes;
For to this day they wear but Calf-ones,
Or, if of old Leather Half-ones.
He chased them so furiously,
That they were forc'd to take the Sea,

And

And swam from *Cowel* into *Arran*,
In which Soil, though it be but barren,
As Learned Antiquaries say,
Their Off-spring lives unto this day.
But pardon me for such digressions ;
For, were it not for such expressions,
Which from the *Muses* we extort,
Our Poems would be very short.

Then did the *Squire* obtest, and pray,
And them conjur'd that they would stay ;
For he had quarrel against none
But *Ralph* the *Squire*, and *Sanderson* ;
Which Two, as ev'ry body knows,
Are *Presbyterians* Mortal Foes :
Th'one calls them *Bears* by Allegory ;
That other Fellow wrote a Story,
In which he doth them scandalize so,
That all the Devils blush, he lies so.
Thinking it would be liked well
He sent a Copy into Hell ;

To be perus'd in a Committee :
 Then said a *Devil* which was witty,
It serves for nothing, tell the Fool,
But to be Napkins at the Stool,
When Men exonerate their Tripes ;
Or lighting of Tobacco-Pipes :
For Hells Affairs are ne're atchiev'd
By railing Fools, of none believ'd :
Hells fittest Agents, as all grants,
Are those who are reputed Saints.
 And thus he made an end of Praying.

Then all began to think of staying,
 And one another did exhort
 For to return and see the Sport :
 But *Sanderson* appeared not.
 Stout *Ralph*, amated not a jot,
 Bravely and resolutely did fall up,
 First at the Trot, then at the Gallop ;
 Just as the *Hugonots*, Victorious
 At *Contrus*, charg'd the Duke of *Foyeuse*,

And

And was upon him ere he wist,
Menacing him with Tongue and Fist,
With all the Rabble in his Reer,
Who follow'd him to see and hear.

The *Squire*, who only spoke in jest,
Seeing what he expected least;
He thought they verily were gone,
And that the Storm was over blown;
Surprized with the sudden danger
Of *Ralph*, in such a furious anger,
Whom he thought did already spurn him,
He knew not to what hand to turn him:
At last, his Tongue and Teeth commences
To vent *Adages* and *Sentences*.

It is a Saying Wise and Old,
Quoth he, *To make a Bridge of Gold*
To fleeing Enemies: It's best
To let a sleeping Mastiff rest,
Lest he, awaken'd with our knockings,
Tear all our Breeches and our Stockins,

And

And to the boot our Shin-bones hole up,
And from our Buttocks take a Collop,
And with his furious Teeth our Throats cut,
Down which we water'd Meal of Oats put;
Which we prefer, with *Lock-Broom* Herring,
To all the King of *Babel's* Faring.

*A foolish Tongue, without remead,
Brings Mischiefe on the Owner's Head:*
It is a pestilentious Clout,
Causing Contagion all about;
It raiseth *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Yokes *Kings* and *Subjects* by the ears.
What was it else but *Tittle-tattle*,
That brought our *Brethren* out to Battle?
What stops them more from turning *Loyal*,
Than *Tongues* of some esteemed *Royal*,
With which they persecute those poor Souls,
As *Setting-Dogs* do *Pouts* and *Moor-fowls*?
At last, within their *Nets* ensnared,
And from all hope of *Pardon* barred,

They force those poor Men, under hand,
Still to *Rebel*, to get their *Land*.

My Tongue will bring me to that pass,
Quoth he, to which was *Hadibras*;
Who, when with Honour he had got off,
In the Adventure that ye wot of;
He not content, but seeking more,
Lost all that he had gain'd before,
And was brought to a Prison Tragick,
In *Wooden Castle* made by *Magick*;
Where he too late laments his Mishaps,
As *Ladies*, when they do not miss *Claps*,
From *Gallants* of their own procuring,
From *Husbands* when they go a Whoring.

Having dispatch'd this *Phrygian* Wisdom,
Like *Malefactor* getting his Doom,
He strained what he could, to shew
A tres bon mien en mauvais Jeu.
He out with *Basket-hilt* and *Dudgeon*,
(While from his Eyes came a Deluge on,

As from the Eyes of Children whipped,
Or fore Horse-eyes with *Vitriol* nipped)
Stands at his posture, *Fencer*-like,
And was within an *Ace* to strike;
Yet on the sudden, doth advise,
To take a course by far more wise.

Wise Men, quoth he, as all Men knows,
Try all things first, e're they try Blows;
When *Rome* to conquer all was hasting,
Peace was the *first*, War was the *last thing*
They did practise to subdue Nations,
Who loved not such *Innovations*.
If I the truth of Story miss not,
This is the *Cardo* of the Dispute:
And if my Reasons do no good,
I'll-dye their Breeches with their Blood.
But this within himself he mutters,
And then these words to *Ralph* he utters.

What means this furious hurly-burly?
Friend *Ralph*, quoth he, I tell thee surely,

I am no private Man ; believe,
 I am a *Representative* :
 To force me to *Degladiations*
 Is contrair to the *Law of Nations*.
 Though thou me should bang Back and Side,
 I could it (*Honour safe*) abide.
 Brave *Minsfield*, challeng'd by *Baumaris*,
 Refused once to fight at *Paris*,
 Because he did negotiate
 With Publick Trust *Affairs of Seate*.
 The *Spanish Agent*, *Don Henriquez*,
 Put up a great *Affront of Criques*,
 Who once at *Rome*, his Pride to danton,
 His Nose saluted with a Panton.
 Dost thou esteem me such a Coward,
 To be afraid of one as thou art?
 Thy Threatnings are like *Childrens Squibs*,
 Though they *smoke Cloaths*, they *break no Ribs*.
 Were it not that my Sword is rusted,
 Were it not that I am entrusted
 With things of such a high Concernment
 As *Presbyterian Church-Government*,

For all thy frownings and thy cloudings,
I would send Sun-shine through thy Puddings.
I do thee as a Friend advise

('Tis better soon than late be wise)

That thou would let alone this *Sword-fight*;

And grapple with me in a *Word-fight* :

Let's try who others best can confute,

This is the *Cardo* of the Dispute ;

If Synod-members and Church-wardens

Be Bears, and Synods be Bear-gardens ?

Thou dost affirm, I do deny ;

Prov't if thou can, I thee defie.

One might have known by *Ralpho's* Face

He lov'd not *War* so well as *Peace*;

He only counterfeited Courage,

His wrath, Teeth-forward, was not true Rage:

Yet he his Passion so dissembled,

That *Squire* at first both shak'd and trembled;

But when he heard the *Squire* speak big words,

That in his Belly he would dig Swords,

He looked then as if his Nose bled,
 And such a Flea within his Hose had,
 That in his mind was great confusion,
 Till he consider'd the Conclusion ;
 Where *Peace* was offer'd, and the *War* gone,
 He gave God thanks, like *Praise God Barebone*.
 A good heart to himself he took then,
 And these same very words he spoke then,
 Which once the Great Turk *Solymanus*
 Spoke to *Vilerius Liladamus* ;
 Having him under, at such odds,
 That he was forc'd to quit the *Rhodes*.

I'm glad to hear that now thy mind
 Is more to *Peace* than *War* inclin'd.
 Then adds he, Fighting is a fool thing ;
 What doth it else but sturt and dool bring ?
 It's better *Tongues* decide the matter,
 Than other *Noddles* pelt and batter.
 Now others *Beak*, now others *Dock* hit,
 Like feather'd *Fencers* in a *Cock-pit* ;

Who

The Scotch HUDIBRAS. 35

Who fight but in their own Defences,
Let them be *Kings*, let them be *Princes*,
By *Law* and *Reason* I them can bind,
That they are Enemies to Mankind;
As witnesseth Sir *Thomas Kelly*,
And *Grotius*, *de Jure Belli*.
What are such *Warriours* but *Oppressors*?
And many times, we see, *Aggressors*
Who trouble other *Mens* repofes,
Get nothing else but *bloody Nofes*;
Who Quarrels pick with Neighbour Nations,
Get Halberts thruft through their *Foundations*,
As we may read in many a Book
Of *Charles* that *Bergundian Duke*.
Poor *High-way-Men*, with tatter'd Hofs, are
Not *Robbers* half fo great as thofe are,
Who *Diadems* wear on their *Head*,
And make fo many *Living dead*,
And fo much *Chriftian Blood* mif-spends,
Either for *French* or *Spanifh* Ends:
Thefe *frft*, poor *Rogues*, will pick a Pocket,
And break a Door up when it's locked,

And on the High-way will a Purse take,
When cold and hunger makes their Guts ache,
Those latter, with their Armies Legions,
Rob Kingdoms, Castles, Towns and Regions ;
As said two ten Tuns Ships Commander
To *Macedonian Alexander*.

But now, let us come to the question,
The which was raised the Contest on,
Since thou so hard dost put me to it,
I'll let thee see that I can do it,
And have both will and wit to reckon,
And beat thee at thy own tongue-weapon.
Better, perhaps, then thou belieyes,
I'll prove these two Affirmatives:
That Synod-members, and Church-wardens
Are Bears, and Synods are Bear-gardens.
Thus said, his fingers he dispatches
Unto his head, and winking scratches,
First from the Van, unto the Reer,
And then athwart, from Ear to Ear :

while,

While, like sagacious Hound, he traces,
And windeth all the Topick places;
Till in the end prepared, *Satt*,
He disputes thus a *Comparat*.

And first, quoth he, it's clear to all,
They have the *same Original* :
For *Twenty Shillings* to a *Bodle*,
Both are the Birth of human Noddle.
Both are in that degree of Kin,
As other Brethren Uterine.
It's certain, there is never a word
Of either, in *Scripture*, on *Record* :
And, without question, and all doubt,
Thus *Bear-baiting* may be made out
By *Holy Writ*, as lawful as is
The Chain of *Presbyterian Classis*.
This for their *Birth*, now for their *Nature*,
If with deliberation mature
The Case we ponder, *Beasts of prey*
And *Rapine*, as are *Bears*, are they

Who do establish Gospel-Order
 By *Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murder.*
 What are their *Orders, Constitutions,*
Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 But several *Myfick Chains* they make
 To tie poor *Christians* to the Stake,
 And then set *Heathen Officers,*
 Instead of *Dogs,* about their Ears?

What else are *Synods,* but *Bear-gardens,*
 Where *Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,*
 And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the *Babylonish Sport* :
 For *Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,*
 Do differ only in a meer word :
 Both are but several *Synagogues*
 Of *Carnal Men, and Bears, and Dogs* :
 Both *Antichristian Assemblies,*
 To mischief bent, as far's in them lies :
 Both stave and tail with fierce Contests,
 The one with *Men,* the other *Beasts* :

The difference is, The one fights with
The *Tongue*, the other with the *Teeth*;
And that they bait but *Bears* in This,
In th'Other's *Souls* and *Consciences*.

This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a *Vision* saw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the *Beastly* Rage
Of *Church-Rule* in this latter Age,
Where ev'ry *Hamlet's* governed
By's *Holiness* the *Churches* Head;
More haughty and severe in's place
Than *Hildebrand* or *Boniface*.
Such Church must surely be a *Monster*,
With many *Heads*; for if we construe
What in th' *Apocalypse* we find
According to th' *Apostle's* mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many *Heads* did ride upon.

The *Pastors* who do rule this *Kirk*,
What are they, but the *Handy-work*

Of

Of mens Mechanick Paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling;
 From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,
 As folks by touching catch the Measles.
 So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
 At th'other end the new-made *Pope*.
Bell and the *Dragons* Chaplains were
 More moderate than them by far:
 For they, poor *Knaves*, were glad to cheat,
 To get their Wives and Children-Meat;
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have *Wealth* and *Power* too;
 Or else they'll make their Party good,
 By making Nations swim in Blood.
 And thus I reasoned the Case
 Once with my Master *Hudibras*,
 All that I said was too prolix
 Here to repeat; I only fix
 Upon the Marrow, with a few words.

Turds,

What thou hast said's not worth two Cow-
 Reply'd

Reply'd the *Squire*, and then he smites
Forehead with Fist, to rouse his Wits;
Which strait did take th'Alarm so hot,
That down to Tongue and Teeth they got:
From whence, thus worded, out they flie,
Like Bullets from Artillery.

Ye *Sectaries*, quoth he, have Bee-heads;
Thy prate's a *Cerberus* with Three Heads,
Neither of which barks any *Box-Jence*,
But *Railing*, *Blasphemy*, and *Nonsense*.
Thou'rt ignorant in *Logicks Art*,
As I will shew thee ere we part.
But to the point, now I will Close,
And reason *διανοητικῶς*.
And first, I say for my defence,
Thy Argument-wants *Consequence*:
Though things agree to both together,
It follows not the *One's* the *Other*.

Affirmatives in second Figure
Nothing conclude in *Logicks Figure*,

Which

Which any constant man believes ;
So we may prove *Financiers*, Thieves ;
Camæ lions, Beef ; and *Cabbage-eaters*,
And *Lawyers*, and *Physicians*, Cheaters :
That *Horse* are Men, and *Owls* are Ounces ;
That *Privy-Councillors* are Dunces ;
That *Chamber-pots* are Looking-glasses,
And *Senators of Justice* Asses ;
That *Colledges* and *Muses Caverns*
Are Bawdy-houses turn'd and Taverns ;
That *Stews* are places of Contrition,
And *Pulpits* Trumpets of Sedition,
And *Merlin's Prophecies* Evangels,
And *Dee's Spirits* holy Angels ;
That all *New Scurveys* are the Pox :
That *Quakers Books* are Orthodox ;
That *roasted Wild-Cat* is fed Lamb ;
That *Gresham Colledge* is a *Bedlam* ;
Most of our *first Reformers* bad Men,
And all the *House of Commons* Mad-men ;
That *Tallow-Cakes* are *Ambergreece* ;
That *Sun* and *Moon* are *Cheshire-Cheese*,

And

And *Whigs* as Loyal in Opinions,
As any of the King's Dominions.

This for thy Form ; now for thy Matter ;
Thou rails on some, others to flatter :
Thy *Mediums* seeming true, yet false are,
As Turnips growing in the *Paltzar* ;
Or any other fertile ground,
Hollow with Worms, tho' Skin be found ;
Like Apples in the Lake of *Sodom* ;
Like Beauties Clapped in the Bottom ;
Like four Drink in Silver Tankards ;
Like Golden Petticoats on Shankers ;
Like bald Heads with Periwigs ;
Like sweet Powder on frissled Gigs,
With aged Ladies now in fashion,
When they would play beside the Cushion.

But who reason in Generals,
Th'augment *Contentions* and *Brawls* ;
They bring but *Bout-gates* and *Golinzies*,
Like *Dempster* disputing with *Mackenzies*.

Men

Men hardly can scratch others Faces,
 When they are distant twenty Paces;
 I'll nearer come, thy thrusts to parree.
 Whereas thou dost argumentary,
That Bear-baiting may be made out,
Without all question and doubt,
By Holy Writ, as lawful as is
Lay-Elder Presbyterian Classis.
 Though few be clear, how doth the thing go?
 I answer unto thee, *Distinguo.*
 For if thou mean by Text express,
 Thou speak'st the truth, as all confess.
 This is our Orthodox Defence,
Presbytry's prov'd by Consequence.
it is no Popish Superstition,
By consequential Tradition
To prove an Article of Faith,
As Learned Polyander saith.
 What have our Doctors else to say
 For *Pædobaptism*, or that Day (Greek,
 Which chang'd was, when the Church spoke
 From *last* to *first* Day of the Week?

If thou wert put to this distress,
To prove Bishops by *Words* express,
The *Oyster-wives* might lock their Fish up,
Come to the streets, and cry, *No Bishop*.

Whereas thou dost affirm, and say,
Presbyt'ry-men are Beasts of prey,
Who do establish Gospel-Order
By Rapine, Sacrilege and Murder.
Thy Reason here both but and ben halts,
It's not the *Cause's*, but the *Men's* faults.
Unto that Sore I gave this Plaister,
When I did dispute with my Master:
To blame a *Cause* for *Persons Vices*,
Is one of *Satan's* main Devices,
Wherewith he very oft doth make
Well-meaning Men the Truth forsake.
It's not superfluous and vain
To tell a good Tale o'er again.

None can deny but these things fell out,
But the true Cause thou dost not smell out.

L

Thy

Thy Fallacy consists in this,
 Thou mak'st a Cause where no Cause is.
 Children taught in the Schools,
 Who reason so, they are but Fools.
 Was never yet a Reformation
 Of Church, in any Age or Nation,
 But still the Devil, to make it vain,
 The utmost of his Wits doth strain;
 He beats all Hell up with a Tabor,
 To make Reformers lose their labour.
 When first he sees he doth no good
 By Persecution and by Blood;
 By seeming *Sheep*, and yet but *Goats*;
 By *Weeds* appearing *Wheat* and *Oats*;
 By seeming *Diamonds*, yet but *Glass*;
 By seeming *Gold*, and yet but *Brass*;
 By *Serpents* in appearance *Fish*;
 By *Silver Pottles* fill'd with *Pish*;
 By *Saints without*, and *Fiends within*,
 He strives the Cause to undermine,
 As is recorded in the Pages
 Of Stories written in all Ages.

When

2 The Scotch HUIBRAS. 47

When *Christ* appeared, came a *Thendas*;
 And with *St. Peter*, came a *Judas*;
 With *Luther*, *Rotmans*, *Knipperdölings*,
 Who troubled *Munster* with their foolings;
David Georges, *John of Leyden*,
 As is at large describ'd by *Sleyden*.
 When *Calvin* came, then came *Socinians*;
 When *Perkins* came, then came *Arminians*;
 With *Hendersons*, and *Cants*, and *Trails*,
 Came some who whisked *Ladies Tails*.
 Who for such take us, 'ate to blame, as
 One would revile *St. Paul* for *Demas*.
 And others also came, to wit,
 These *Locusts* of th' *Infernal Pit*,
 Who seem'd at first all *Covenant-takers*;
 But strait turn'd *Anabaptists*, *Quakers*,
Artemonites, *Photinions*,
Servetians, *Socinians*,
Manicheans, *Novatians*,
Scepticks, and *Carpocrotians*,
Prochanites, *Sabellians*,
Setheans, *Circumcellians*,

Herodians, Herminians,
Semonians, Armenians,
Docitbeans, Menandrians,
Eunomeans, Cassandrians,
Eutychians, Nestorians,
And Doctor Henry Morians,
Noetians, and Martionitæ,
Gnosticks, and Anthropomorphitæ,
Gortheans, and Calphurnitans,
And Mr. G----- B-----tans,
Meletians, and Arrians,
And Antisabbatarians,
Helvidians, Cainians,
Coluthians, Agrippinians :
Some Chiliafts, and Lampetians,
Some prove Melchizedecians,
Cleobians, Florinians,
And some prove Maximinians,
Abelians, Thebussians,
Ophitæ, and Pepussians,
Rhetorians, Quintilianists,
Circoterists, Priscillianists,

Eucratites, Hermogenians,
Marians, and Origenians,
Corinthians, and Alogians,
Some half, some whole Pelagians,
Some Antistachæ, some Montences,
Ascitæ some, some Royatenses,
Some Donatists, Voletians,
Some Archonticks, some Ætians;
And some turn Theodosians,
Tascodrongites, Nepotians;
And some Disciples turn'd of Brown,
Who first infected every Town;
Doritheans, Fratricels,
Some Nailorists, with Hood and Bells;
Some Transylvanian Tritheitæ,
Who once made drunk with Aqua Vitæ,
With Fists Alstedius did belabour,
And tore the Beard of Bethlehem Gabor;
Some Adamites, who, as the speech is,
Cast off their Petticoats and Breeches:
Some other Hereticks more gross,
Describ'd by Alexander Ross;

For which, at present, I want Time,
And though I had, I have not Rhime.

That thy *Bear-fimile* may jump,
Those were our *Tails*, that was our *Rump*,
Which from our Buttocks being broke off;
Did all these horrid things you spoke off.
But if thou still insist to rail,
Saying, We did them with our Tail,
That Cavil's very quickly put off,
'Twas with our Tails when they were cut off.
If with my cut-off Arms and Legs
Thou Bishops Noddles crush like Eggs,
Not I, late Owner of the same,
But *Thou*, who strik'st, must bear the blame.
It's true indeed, at the beginning
We smelt those things were a spinning:
But who lead Ladies through the streets,
Expecting favour within Sheets,
Coming to places, fy upon't,
Where none but one can pass in front,

So barricado'd is the way,
With empty'd Privies, Mire and Clay :
If they find no clean place to stand on,
Yet, e're their Mistress they abandon,
Through Dung they march, like a bold fellow,
Till Shoes and Stockins grow Gold-yellow.
This is our Case, if I have skill ;
Make the *Apodosis* who will ;
The sum is in our Ends ; we mean well,
Though Means we us'd, cannot sustain well.

Whereas thou say'st, *Our Constitutions,*
Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,
Are several Mystick Chains we make,
To tie poor Christians to the Stake,
And then set Heathen Officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their Ears :
At all thou dost not prove the Question,
The which was rais'd the Contest on.
Madness within thy Brains hath far got,
Proving them *Bears*, thou proves *they are not*.

Who ever yet did see or hear
 That *Bears* yoa'k'd Dogs upon a *Bear*
 As said thy Master, that brave Man too,
 Who reason'd better than I can do,
If Synod-members and Church-wardens
Be no Bears, Synods no Bear-gardens
Are, as to these is evident, satis,
 Who reason can a *Conjugatis*.
 Thus worse than any Man believes,
 Thou prov'st these two *Affirmatives* ;
 And after thou hast crack'd so crouse,
 Thy *Mountains* do bring forth a *Moufe*.

Whereas thou *Presby'try* dost construe
 To be th' *Apocalyptrick Monster* ;
 Likewise to be this very *Bear*
 Which to the Prophet did appear,
 Prefiguring the Beastly Rage
 Of Church-Rule in this latter Age.
 Thou dost interpret Scriptures odly,
 That thou may'st rail upon the *Godly*.

A *Scripturist* thou prov'st, as he was,
In whose fool Bonnet-case a Bee was,
Who needs would *Presbyt'ry* have the Cabal
Decipher'd of the Whore of *Babel*,
The *Antichrist* which Saints Blood spilled,
And *Enoch* and *Elias* killed.
He was so mad, he thought no shame
Those very murder'd Saints to name:
It's sure he either was distracted,
Or on a Stage the *Fool* he acted.
I'm confident, and dare believe,
If these two brave Men were alive,
They would get *Bedlam* for their pains,
Who hatch such Glosses in their Brains.
It's lamentable, many deem
None love the *King*, but who blaspheme,
And still make *Holy Writ* the Scale, on
Which they take measures for to rail on.
Presbyt'ry for the King more stout, as
Those whom the very Children stout, as
Champions, who, though Tongue-valiant,
Yet meeting with a fierce Assailant,

Though

Though with their *Tongue* they take his part,
 Their *Actions* are not worth a Fart.
 They may well drink his Health in Taverns,
 And speak big words in Holes and Caverns,
 Devising Stories, Lies, and Fables,
 Call his most Loyal Subjects *Rebels* :
 But when they come to blows and knocks,
 They face about, and turn their Docks ;
 Run to their Pottle, which they mind most,
 Crying, *The Devil take the hindmost.*

Where, thou say'st, *Preachers of our Kirk,*
And Pastors, are the Handy-work
Of Mans Mechanick paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling ;
From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
As men by touch get Itch and Measles.
 I see not clearly what thou means here,
 I think thou Blasphemy sustains here :
 This with our Chutch *Monomachie,*
 Ends with a *Gigantomathie.*

First, having fall'n on her Out-works,
Or Hedge, thy fancy round about works,
Till in the end thou find occasion,
Thinking she can make no Evasion;
Then thou with this Blasphemous Dart,
Thinks for to shoot her through the Heart,
Like Malefactor ty'd to Post,
By railing on the *Holy Ghost*,
The Author of *Manual Imposition*;
By Text express and by Tradition
Thy own and others Souls deluding,
By such prophane similituding.
No Porphyre, Julian, or Celsus,
(As all the ancient Stories tells us)
The Christian Faith blasphem'd as thou doth,
And others like thee not a few doth:
Who, bred out of the peccant Humours
Of this our Church, like Wens and Tumours;
Like Maggots bred within a Sore,
Would that which gave them Life devour.
Thou'lt say, These last four Lines were stoln.
I answer with that Red-shank fullen,

Once

Once challenged for stealing Beef,
I stole them from another Thief.
 Now, since thy *Sophistry's* confuted,
 I end, to have my Lungs recruited.

When *Ralph* intended to reply,
 His Voice was drowned with a Cry
 Of those contending who the better
 Had of the Champions ; some the *latter*,
 Some the *first*, and some said *neither*,
 And some affirm'd, *they knew not whether.*

There was among the rest a Fellow
 Of swarthy hue, inclin'd to Yellow ;
 His Hide enamelled with Itch was,
 He just Splay-footed like a Witch was ;
 He was both broad and tall of Person,
 With a long Sword behind his Ar-- on,
 Which he said was to serve the King ;
 Some think he meant another thing :
 However he was such a person,
 'Twas thought among them all was scarce one
 Who

Who better understood how things went,
 What *Rump's* and *Presby'try's* meant,
 And the *King's* too : It's known that he
 Had sometime served all the Three.
 They all conjured then alone him,
 That he would take the Speech upon him,
 And finally decide the matter,
 Who had the *worst*, who had the *better*,
 Which unto him would be but small pains,
 Who under all had made no small gains.
 At which request, the *Cacodæmon*
 Upon him took to be *Palemon* :
 While Advocates of both the Parties,
 With earnest and with piercing-heart Eyes,
 Expect his Doom, like *Nero* praying
 For Justice to his Fiddle-playing.

It's sport, quoth he, to be Spectators
 To such a pair of *Gladiators*,
 To see how they one another thump,
 He the *Lay-Elders*, he the *Rump* ;

Others

Others affront with such disgraces,
 And so throw Dung on others faces.
 * When Thieves reckon, it's oft-times known
 That honest people get their own.
 By sad experience found it was, how
 That both these Parties, *pari passu*,
 Had Ruine brought and Desolations
 On their own and their Neighbours Nations.
 When One the Other had o'recome,
 And trod all under-foot at home,
 Then they send out their wooden High-tow'rs,
 To trouble the repose of Neighbours;
 And sometimes *hither*, sometimes *thither*,
 Set *Europe* by the Ears together;
 That troubl'd with their mutual Factions,
 They might not pry into their Actions:
 Which were, as all the World doth ken,
 Abhorred both by God and Men.
 Nought more secureth desperate matters,
 Than fishing doth in troubled Waters.
 By such-like Policy and Slight
 They brought their Pow'r to such a height,

That

The Scotch HUDIBRAS. 259

That *Denmark, Holland, France, and Spain,*
And *Swede* did strive with might and main,
With humble and submissive Speeches
To get the first kiss of their Breeches.
They brought upon all such a terrour,
All seem'd to idolize the Errour,
But thanks to *God* and *Albemarle,*
We now deliver'd are from peril.

But none to Thee, reply'd the *Squire*
(His Breast so filled was with ire,
That's Eyes both sparkled and scintilled,
Like Wolf or Wild-Cat when it's killed)
It's known thou didst what e're thou could
(But yet not so much as thou would)
To make us still under that peril
Which was remov'd by *Albemarle.*
To prospering King *Loyal*, no wonder,
Still *Traytor* to him when at under.
When thou at playing with both hands,
Hast got Inheritance and Lands,

Thou

Thou takes upon thee now to reach,
 And like a Fox, to Lambs doth Preach
 That both of us did Desolations
 And Ruine bring upon the Nations:
 I answer, Both did Mischief bring,
We by mistake, They by design:
 When all is true thou say'st, yet that's but
 Like Monkeys Chesnuts with a Cats foot
 Pulling from Ashes, or from Embers;
 Bathrons, for grief of scorched Members,
 Doth fall a fuffing and a mewing,
 While Monkeys are the Chesnuts chewing.
 Yet more by Policy than Force
 They made our Brethren, Foot and Horse,
 To pull them Chesnuts from the Fire,
 And Wealth and Pow'r to them acquire;
 By which they did all *Europe* toss,
 While we got *Infamy* and *Loss*.
 Though I should Teeth beat like a Tabor
 With Tongue, I fear I lose my labour.
 We by experience do find,
 That a proud, stubborn, froward Mind,

Witā.

With prejudice intoxicated,
Can hardly be indoctrinated :
And yet my labour's not mis-spent,
If any be indifferent,
They'll find as Sun doth shine in clear day,
That we were only *Rogues by hear-say*,
But *Fools indeed*, which we will mend
When we grow wiser, there's an end.

But now I strait will to the King,
Discharge the Message which I bring.
Perhaps His Majesty will grant,
If well inform'd, what we do want.
However, hope He will not fail
To hear till I tell out my Tale :
Though others foam, and fret, and chafe,
I hope His Majesty will laugh.
Having thus spoke, his Horse he switches,
First on the Snout, then on the Breeches ;
Who half-asleep, at last was got
With much difficulty to a Trot :

Yet sometimes paus'd he in the middle,
Like Cadence-keepers to a Fiddle ;
With Rest alternative, and Motion,
The *Squire* rides on with great Devotion
Till he came to his Journeys end ;
H'alights, and did not long attend,
When some there came, who did him bring
Strait to the Presence of the King ;
Whom he espying, bow'd his Knee,
And said, If't please Your Majesty,

The Sun indifferently on all shines,
As well on low Shrubs, as on tall Pines ;
God hears the Cries of Rich and Poor ;
Wise *Solomon*, to right a Whore,
Resolv'd a Doubt, to all Mens wonder,
Feigning to cleave the Child asunder.
Your Majesty's Wisdom inherent,
And Goodness, who are God's Vicegerent,
Will not disdain to hear Complaints
Of Us, though but Rejoicements.

Ye'll hear me, Sir, defend our Cause,
Though it be contrair to the Laws;
That ye may solve that Gordian-Knot,
If we be *Rebels*; and if not,
If we be *Fools*; Wh' affirms we're *neither*,
He is a Liar, though my Father.
I'll use no Speech with Art besprinkl'd,
Like Fairding on a Face thar's wrinkl'd:
Without Rhetoricating fond shews,
While I speak, Sir, as't in the ground grows.
If ye a gracious Ear afford,
Shame fall me if I lie a word.

Most Men affirm, They do not see what
We *Non-Conformists* now would be at;
That we're more sundred in Opinions,
Than are the King of *Spain's* Dominions;
Than Gazers on the late New Star were;
Than the Commanders at *Dunbar* were;
Than Lawyers and Physicians Councils;
Than Wives who Kail and Herbs in Town sells:

Canvaſſing things in Church and State,
 When Drink has ſet aloft our Pate.
 Where once w^e agree, three times we ſquabble,
 As doth a Bagpipes *Baſs* and *Treble*.
 One *fears* that which another *hopes* for,
 Like *Cardinals* when they make *Popes*, or
 Like *Heirs* of *Line*, or *Heirs* of *Tailzies*,
 Or *Gild* or *Tradesmen* making *Bailzies*.
 Now, whether theſe be *Rants* and *Flaws*,
 Devis'd, Sir, to defame our *Cauſe*;
 Or whether there be ſomething in it,
 Hear out my Tale, now I begin it:
 If I conjecture not amiſs,
 The Marrow of the matter's this.

Some while ago, Sir, I was ſent
 Your Maſteſty to complement,
 To beg ſome Preachers which we wanted;
 But e're I came, Sir, they were granted.
 When all expected Thanks moſt hearty
 To You from all the *Godly party*;

I was inform'd by a Letter,
We're grown the Devil a whit the better.
Our old *blind Zeal* within us still bides.
We haunt *Conventicles* on Hill-sides,
Give to our Preachers *blows* and *knocks*,
For which we're put in Irons and Stocks.
I wondred what the matter meant,
I thought, Sir, that the Devil was in't;
At length I was inform'd of new,
The fault was only of a few,
Not of us *all*, and these we ken
Have ever been *John Thomson's Men*,
That are still ruled by their Wives,
Who carping at some Preachers Lives,
And reading their *erroneous Books*,
Oppugning *Doctrine Orthodox*;
Cry'd out, *Prophanity* and *Atheism*,
Gross Popery and *Arminianism*,
Is brought upon us by the *Prelates*.
With such expressions those *She-zealots*
Wrought so upon their Husbands fancy,
That they from *Fever* fell to *Frenzy*,

Threw at their Preachers Stones and Clods;
 As Setters up of other Gods;
 As Baal, Beelzebub and Dagon;
 Th' Apocalyptic Whore and Dragon.

Though such Proceedings be *Half-Treason*;
 Yet to inform You there is reason:
 If any introduce the Schism
 Of Popery and Arminianism.
 That Popes, Sir, are most dangerous things
 To Princes, Emperours, and Kings;
 They set their Feet upon their Neck,
 They make them, Sir, kneel down and beck,
 To hold their Stirrop when they ride,
 And run like Lacqueys at their side.
 They make them bow down Mouth and Nose,
 To kiss and smell their sweaty Toes;
 Make them stand bare-foot at their Gates,
 And buy their Peace at monstrous rates.
 They must have from them Power all,
 Both *Spiritual* and *Temporal*.

Or they'll hunt Men, to ~~enforce~~ ^{enforce} Throns,
 And blow them up with *Rowder-Platt*,
 As both your Grandfathers can tell;
 Yea, they will curse their Souls to Hell,
 And give their Kingdoms to another,
 Who pays most to their Bastards Mother.
 It's long since that the *Holy Ghost*
 At *Rome Olympias* rul'd the Roast;
 Who think the Practice is much sweeter
 Of *Simon Magus* than *Simon Peter*.
 That I speak Truth, Sir, yvithin measure,
 Appears by *Don^o Olympias's* Treasure,
 The next Successor of *St. Peter*
 Thought he could take a course no fitter,
 Than part the *Simoniack Pelf*,
 And take the one half to himself;
 Then said one, though a *Conclave-Brother*,
 It went from one Thief to another.

Strange! any Orthodox Divine
 Should doubt who is the Man of Sin:

Which questionless they had not done,
 If they had read on *Paul* and *John*,
 Who paint him in their *Prophecies*,
 As they had seen him with their *Eyes*.
 What're Divine of your Dominions
 Vents to the World such Opinions,
 Let them be *Gold*, let them be *Glass*,
 A Serpent lurks vwithin the Grass.
 It's thought the Earl of *Wiltshire's* Spaniel
 Knew *Antichrist* foretold by *Daniel*,
 And *Paul*, and *John*, better than they
 Who study Scripture every day;
 When that the *Pope* held out his Foot,
 For to be kissed round about,
 Wondring to see the Carl so vain,
 He snatch'd it till he piss'd again.
 Thus much of those erroneous Books
 Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox.

Next, Sir, as for those Preachers Lives,
 So much cry'd out on by our Wives:

All the Account that I can give on't,
Is, that my *Missy* hath the lave on't.
I wish them keep a sober Diet;
Or, if they drink, Sir, keep it quiet:
If openly they haunt the Brewers,
We'll not secure them from Stone-throwers;
We cannot help it for our life,
Sir, who can rule a lawless Wife?
To make a wilful Wife her fits mend,
Would put your self, Sir, to your Wits end.
Tho' they cause whip them through the Town,
Tho' they them hang, tho' they them drown,
Seeing Priests drunk at Third-Bell ringing,
They'll up with stones, and fall a flinging.

And thus, Sir, I have shew'd you how
The fault is only of a few,
And not of *all*; and their Defence
Is, That they follow Conscience:
If it be so, by Bishops leaves,
They cannot well be called *Knaves*:

Whate're they be, it may be said,
Knaves never yet a Conscience had:
 And that a greater slander refels,
If they're no Knaves, they are no Rebels.
 I doubt any Logician can
 A Rebel prove an honest Man.
 What are they then? we need n' advice,
 They're poor Folks large as daft as wise.
 If they be such, and wish You well,
 As others of their Actions tell,
 When in the *English* Troopers faces
 They you remembred in their Graces.
 That there may be solid Peace,
 Remove the Cause, th' Effect will cease.
 Take notice of these whimsy Books,
 Which in effect are *Heterodox*.
 If once these Preachers mend their Lives,
 There will beno Stone-throwing Wives.
 Forbid them scandalize the Leiges,
 By drinking Healths to *Ports* and *Bridges*,
 To Whore of *Babel*, and to Gigs;
 And, to prevent Complaints of *Whigs*,

To scratch their Skin, cut Caps and Cloaths,
 And swear 'twas *Whigs*, with monstrous Oaths,
 But see Misfortune and Mishap,
 For scratch of Skin, and cut of Cap,
 Examined to strictest rigours,
 Had different Geometrick Figures.
 Though Cap was higher mov'd and thither,
 The Wounds could ne're agree together.
 Such Scandal makes the Gospel stink :
 Such *Books* and *Priests* remov'd, I think,
 We'll keep the *Nine and twenty May-day*,
 On *Thursday, Saturday, or Friday*,
 On *Tuesday, Wednesday, and Munday*,
 Or any other day but *Sunday* :
 Yea, Sir, when Ye have ought ado,
 To hazard Lives and Fortunes to,
 We will be ready at your Call,
 Else may some Curse upon us fall.

Observing how they all espy'd him,
 Chiefly how all the Ladies ey'd him;
 Was none among them all so coy,
 Whom he had not made laugh for joy : Be-

Believing, of them all was scarce one
 That honour'd not his Parts and Person,
 He ears begins to prick, and neigh too,
 Just like a Ston'd Horse in a Meadow:
 Yet curbing as he could his passion,
 Till he should better learn the fashion,
 He made a Congee, and got him down,
 To see the Raz'ties of the Town.

How he did visit *Bedlam* Fool-men,
 And disputed with *Gresham* School-men;
 Discoursing of their *Pigs* and *Whistles*,
 And strange Experiments of *Muscles*;
 Of Resurrection of *Rats*,
 And of the Language us'd by *Cats*,
 When in the night they go a *Carriage*,
 And fall a scolding and a prating:
 Of their *Blood-borrowing* and *Lending*,
 And all the Ancients Wisdom mending;
 Perhaps ye'll hear another time,
 When I want Money, and get *Alone*.

And have

I have no leifure for it now,
 Let it fuffice to tell you how
 That going homewards, near to *High-gate*,
 His Mufe had on her fuch a gay-foot,
 That feeing *London* flee his view,
 He ftands, and bids it thus *Adieu*.

From hard Calamities of War,
 and Ruines caus'd by Fire,
 A Noble Work thou doft arife,
 like *Phoenix* from its Sire.

How ftately Buildings thee adorn,
 and Towers which fmite the Sky,
 Whofe Bells do by their Melody
Apollo's Harp out-vy!

More famous skilful Artifans
 the world never had;

Thy Merchant's Worth Nobilitates
 the Wealth he gets by Trade;

Thy Bifhops Zeal and Piety
 up through the Heav'ns do flee;

Thy Magiftrates, who thee govern,
 might *Roman* Confuls be.

Immor-

Immortal Vertue's Eloquence,

and deep Insight of Mind,

Thy Muses those of *Pallas* Town

are not a jot behind.

And as the Sun unto the World

communicates his Light,

So by the King's resplendent Beams,

! brave Town, thou shin'st so bright.

So *Rome* arose, after the Gauls

had it destroy'd by Flame,

Till in the end the *World's* Bounds

and *Rome's* did prove the same.

London, that Path by thee begun,

if thou insist upon,

'Strange if the *World's* Empire and Thine

in end prove not the same.

But now thy Buildings flee my sight,

thy Towers go out of view;

I bid thee then, with weeping Eyes,

! most generous Town, *Adieu*.

The same in *Latin*.

*Post diras belli clades, flammæque ruinas,
e cinere ut Phœnix nobile surgis opus.*

*Quam dicorant Ædes, ferientes fidere turres;
pulsibus abjecta cessit Apollo Lyra:*

Artifices clari majore & acumine nusquam,

Mercator meritis nobilitavit opes;

Præsulis insignis pietas persregit Olympum;

Consulibus potuit Roma vetusta Regi;

Moribus eloquio, mentisque indagine Musis;

Attica non major docta Camæna tuis:

Ut Phœbus mundum perfundit lumine Regis

sic splendes radius Urbs generosa tui.

Gallica sic crevit post dira incendia Roma;

tandem idem limes orbis & urbis erat:

Londinum incepto si pergas tramite, mirum!

imperium fuerit ni orbis & urbis idem.

Nunc Ædes visum fugiunt sub fidere turres

aspicio lacrimans; urbs generosa, Vale.

F I N I S.

1. The first step is to identify the key components of the system. This includes understanding the hardware, software, and data involved. For example, in a web application, this might involve identifying the server, database, and user interface.

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Colville

Plate

THE
SCOTCH
Hudibras:
OR, A
MOCK POEM

The First Part.

*Corrected and Amended, with Additions
and Alterations.*

L O N D O N,
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John Hunt

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THE
AUTHOR'S APOLOGY
TO THE
READER.

Christian Reader,

V^Erfes are like Ladies Faces, good or bad, as they are fancied. (saith *Don Quixot.*) And *Mock Poems*, which bite not, are like Eggs eaten without Salt (saith another of the same Metal) that is, whose Tongue was a great deal wiser than his Head.

In those following Lines, I am more Tart to none than to my self : And therefore, I may be excused if I tell in Rhime, how some used me in Prose ; I speak truth which is expedient to be known, and therefore no Lawyer will aver I transgress the Law.

With all the World beside, I am like a blind
A 2 Man,

Man, dealing blows, not knowing whom I hit:
If any shall challenge me that I touch them,
I will answer, that I knew not so much before
they informed me; as answerd that famous
Satyrist to a Noble Roman, who expostulated
with him for smiting him in a Poem.

I am many ways wrong'd: And *First*, by
Transcribers, who stealing Copies of my Lines,
have transmitted them every where, like Pi-
ctures on the wrong side of Arras-Hang-
ings, spoiled with Thrums and Threads, or
like Faces disfigur'd by the Pox, great or
small, as ye please: Or like Sermons re-
peated by Children and Serving Lasses, in a
Presbyterian Family-Exercise. Or like one
of Bishop Andrew's Sermons re-preached
by an Expectant, in his Episcopal Tryal for the
Ministry.

I am, *Secondly*, wronged by false Copies,
and that by Men either malicious to bring me
to trouble; or ignorant, not apprehending
my scope; who in stead of mending my Lines,
have marred them all: And who striving to
pull me out of the Mire, have thrown me in-
to the Well, not to wash me, but to drown
me: Or into the Fire, not to dry me, but to
burn me.

Thirldly,

Thirdly, I am most of all prejudg'd by the last Dutch War, which occasion'd the bringing in of such superfluity of Brandy, which entering the Brain of some of the Worshippers of *Bacchus*; hath there hatched Glosses of my Lines, like that of *Orleans*, destroying the Text.

Those Brandy-Interpreters, may be compared to Children espying Shapes and Figures in the Fire; Or to those who are giddy with drink, imagining Apparitions in the Clouds; or to old Wives Commenting on *Merlin's* or *Rymer's* Prophecies; Or to bad Divines expounding the *Revelation*, who obtrude groundless fancies upon the ignorant Multitude, for Evangelical truths.

If those Gentlemen hit my meaning, any censure is too little for me; If not, no punishment is too great for them: And that for two reasons.

First, because they apply Passages of my Lines to Men of Honour, of whom (God is my witness) I did not dream. Secondly, because they make the World believe, I am biting those whose wounds I am licking, giving by the biting of other Dogs.

The Preface

These things considered, it is easie to answer all which is objected against me. And first, some of the Society of *Gotham* Colledge had an intention to burn my Lines, because I bring in Whiggs speaking too boldly in the Supplication, and else-where. But I answer, If those Gentlemen speak as they think, I commend their Zeal, but not their Wisdom; And who ever shall take the pains to burn them for Witches, will lose both Coals and Labour. I demand of them, if one should pen a Play of the Powder-plot, and bring in the Conspirators, exhorting each other to blow up the Parliament-house, who will tax the Author of Treason? or who will tax the Psalmist of Atheism, for averring, *The Fool hath said in his Heart, There is no God?* All not meer Ignorants know it is permitted to Poets, good or bad, to personate a Discourse, that is, to bring in Rebels speaking Treason, and Atheists Blasphemy: And why may not I, a Poetaster, or Poets Ape, bring in Fools speaking foolishly, and Wise-men wisely, and yet be neither a Wise-man nor a Fool my self? And if I be neither, I must either be a mix'd Man, or else nothing. And in effect, some call me a Mix'd-Man, others Nothing: But since

Since those who call me Nothing are highly offended at me, they must of necessity confess they are offended at Nothing: I am more charitable to them, I think they are something. What sort of thing it is, all the World knoweth. What ever it be, it is worse then Nothing.

They object, *Secondly*, That without Authority I have imposed a grievous Taxation upon the Lledges, in exacting Five Dollars for every Copy, which may be called Treason.

But I answer, since I charge them not with Horning to make payment, the worst they can call it is but begging, which it is not, but a nameless Contract, *Do ut des*. And at first, I did not dream of taking Money for these Lines, until some known bitter Enemies to the Presbyterians, enforced each of them Five Dollars on me for a Copy: they told me, I might as well take Money for Rhime, as Ministers and Lawyers for Prose, and Physicians for Nothing, and worse than Nothing; Some Pleading, Preaching and Curing (it is true) deserves Money a great deal better than my Lines: But it is as true, that some of all Three deserve it worse; If my Lines do no good, they do no hurt to the Souls, Bodies, or Estates of any.

Secondly, I demand Money of no Man; yea, I refuse it when it is offered; not in jest until they make it appear they offer it in earnest, which they do many ways; some throw Money on the Ground, some on the Table; Some tell they'l have none of my Lines, except I take their Money; Some say I undervalue them, when I refuse their Money; Some say, they are abler to give me Money, than I am to want it; some bid the Devil break their Neck if I take not their Money: as impiously bid God damn them, if I take their Money: yea, I can instruct, as a Sea-Captain offered to strike off my head with a Sabre, if I refus'd his Money: but the more moderate put Money unawares in the Pocket of my Coat, which many think I keep unbutton'd of purpose. Mistake me not, *Reader*, I am not instructing how Money should be offer'd, but how it should not be offer'd, lest I take it.

Thirdly, That I am not avaricious, appears by my vowing to take no Money from *Ministers* and *Ladies*. But they say, I take Gold. To which I answer, they eluded my vow by Equivocation, putting Gold unawares in the Neck of my Doublet, and then run away, and

and I following to restore it, stumbled. They instance, I stumbled of purpose that I might not reach them : But they are still mistaken; for a Lady having used me so, I follow'd her to her Chamber; and when I endeavour'd to return her Gold to her Pocket, her Maid (mistaking my meaning) thinking, perhaps I was searching for the wrong Pocket, tax'd me of incivility ; So I was necessitated either to keep her Gold, or else be thought uncivil to a Lady : let any indifferent Man judge which was the least of the two Evils. However, *Reader*, tempt me not with Gold, except thou be in earnest. It dazleth the Eyes of the Wise, and therefore no marvel it blinds those of a Fool.

The *Third* Objection against me is, that some affirm I am a bad Poet. But I answer, that nothing can more offend a Poet and a Fidler, than telling them they want skill; if, in effect, they be unskilful, as I am ; And therefore no marvel if I reply in a fury, that it is most true that I am a bad Poet, and yet they are notorious Liars in averring it, because they do so out of malice, not knowing whether they speak true or false. All the World knoweth, they never made a greater progress
in

in Poësie, than the making of an Ale-house Roundelay, and that a bad one. It were base in me, to upbraid them with want of skill in their own professions, in which they brag they have such insight; As to one of them, a Physician, that he took the Piss of a Stone-horse for that of a Woman with Child: To another, a Mineralist, who laid a wager of ten Dollars, a piece of Brimstone was a piece of Silver; To a third, a Palmester, to whom, when a Boy in Girls-Apparel was brought in to him to have his hand viewed, superciliously pronounced, the Girl would have three Husbands, bring forth nine Children, and die of the Tenth. It were most base in me to tell them they are fit for nothing, except some will take them on to be Tasters of Drink: Neither are they fit for that but in the Morning; for, in the Afternoon many times they are in the Category of Plants, that is, without sense and reason, having the use of no Soul but the Vegetative. I could instance other things of that nature, but I forbear, lest the Persons be discover'd.

Secondly, To be a bad Poet may well be a shame; it is no sin; Neither is it a shame for me in this first Essay. Withal my intention is to make men laugh, and not vex them: But
bad

to the Reader.

bad Lines many times cause more Mirth
then good ones. Where one laughs at the
Poems of *Virgil, Homer, Ariosto, Du Bartas, &c.*
twenty will laugh at those of *John Cockburn,*
or *Mr. Zachary Boyd.* What Hypochondriac
would not presently be cured at the reading
of these Lines;

*There was a Man called Job,
Dwelt in the Land of Uz,
He had a good Gift of the Gob,
The same case happen us.*

Or of these;

*Absolom hang'd on a Tree,
Crying God's mercy:
Then Joab came in, angry was he,
And put a Spear in his Arse.*

Or of those of John Cockburn.

*Samuel was sent to France,
To learn to Sing and Dance,
And play upon a Fiddle:
Now he's a Man of great esteem,
His Mother got him in a Dream,
At Cuckoo's on a Girdle.*

For

The Preface.

For my part, if I were a great Man, I would sooner give Gold for such Lines, than Copper for all the Heroick Oracles, of *Seneca's* Tragedies.

If any have more to object, let them impart it to me: And if I cannot excuse my self in reason, I am willing to satisfy the Law. I think it very strange that some grave and reverend Men, should so wrong their Conscience to traduce me; since without hurting their Conscience, they may speak so much evil of me and not lie, as I may likewise do of them.

In the End, I give the Argument of a Second Part, which will prove as harmless as a Whitred without Teeth, except some shall be pleased to call Ears, Horns.

One word more, *Reader*, and I shall trouble thee no further. When thou hast perused my Lines, and found them a Cheat, it cannot but vex thee that thou hast bestowed thy Money to no purpose; But I intreat thee to consider, that the only Remedy is to conceal the Cheat, by commending still my Lines to others, that thou may laugh when they shall be cheated as well as thy self: In doing of which thou shalt be a more Christian Lyar, than those

to the Reader.

those who undervalue my Lines, albeit they understand them no more than they do the Prophet *Ezechiel*, as appears by their Commentaries on that Prophet, ready for the Press, if they were once dead.

Farewel.

S. C.

The

Members of the Senate
Washington, D.C.
Dear Sirs:
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

THE
SCOTCH HUDIBRAS:
OR, A
MOCK POEM.

PART I.

Argument.

After invoking of the Muse,
As many learned Poets use:
Next is describ'd the time of Tear
When Whiggs in Armour did appear:
The Good-man's Person, and his Weed,
His Armour, Lady, Squire and Steed,

*Dog and Pigeon, and his mind
All Allegories, where ye find
Clothed with many a senseless Word,
Mysterious Things; not worth a Turd:
As said one in a reverend Coat,
Or else he understood them not.
As lately, when he Scripture-text,
He forc'd was to say off his Text.
And then ye have a Supplication
Greatly misconstru'd of the Nation.
At first they dispute how to mend it;
And then advise by whom to send it:
Where Knight and Squire each other thump,
As did De Ruyter and Van Trump.*

W H O

The Scotch HUDIBRAS.

WHO ever thou art, Muse, who dost make
By force of Brandy, Ale and Sack,
Some who both Words and Matter want,
Admired of the Ignorant :
In whom sagacious Noses Snuff ;
Nought worth but Plagiary Stuff,
By which they purchase Praise and Mony ;
When Bees have toil'd, Drones Eat the Hony :
Inspire me with Poetick Fury,
That I may likewise favour curry :
With all Men to augment my Pack,
By making Lines not worth a Plack :
Some of Eight Syllabs, some of Ten ;
Some borrowed from other Men,
As *Cleveland*, *Don*, or *Tass* Divine :
Some ill Translated from *Marine* :
Some *Oedipus* cannot unriddle,
Some sounding like a blind man's Fiddle,
Observing neither Tune nor Time ;
Some Nonsense to make up the Rhime.

The Scotch HUDIBRAS.

Though I speak true, or false, no matter,
If I traduce some, others flatter :
So sundry Men were us'd of late,
As they were on or off the State.
Grant that I may Curb all Backbiters,
Of Surplice, High-sleev'd Gowns, and Miters,
And Church-governing Paradoxes,
Of *Calvins* Followers and *Knoxes*.
In Mystick Allegorick Tone,
Scårce understood by any one.
Grant me to scold, revile and prate,
Shame fall me, if my self knows what :
When Rhime bursts out from Breast inrag'd,
Like Turds from Puddings overcharg'd ;
Some galling, other some to laughter
Moving, like Parrot when it's taught her.
Hoping my Prayer thou wilt hear,
O Muse ! have at the time of year ;
When *Whiggs* from lurking-holes did Sally,
And in the open Fields did rally.

It was about the Time, when Oysters
 Abound so with Venereous Moistures,
 That they are used Even and Morn
 By those that do their Neighbours horn;
 Which doth their Prices so, in hance
 At *Englands* Court, and that of *France*,
 That Oyster-Wives have Mony ready
 To make their Daughter sometime Lady:
 As doth appear by one of late
 Whose Son-in-Law bore sway in State:
 When Snow makes dikes and mountains white:
 When folks by Physick seldom sh--
 Except there be some Pocky Reason:
 When Mutton weareth out of Season,
 Instead of which, at every Meal,
 When Men Eat Roasted Hens and Veal:
 And those at *Forth* Eat *Garvie* Fishes,
 Then fittest to be serv'd in Dishes;
 Which to the Palate pleasing proves,
 Like *Adriatick* Gulph Anchoves.
 When that the Black-Bird hoarsly Whistles,
 When Trouts and *Abercorn* Musles

Are stark nought ; when that the Swallow
Lyes sleeping in her own Tallow,
Within some sub-terranean hole :
When under the Antarctick Pole
There is no Night ; Under our other,
A Man cannot discern his Brother,
It is so dark : When Summers heats
Do Scorch the *Magellanick* Straits,
And burn up all the Corn and Hay
About the *Caput bonæ Spei* :
If that be tedious to remember,
It was in *Januar*' , or *December* ,
When I did see the out-law Whiggs
Lye scattered up and down the Riggs :
Some had Hoggers, some Straw Boots,
Some uncover'd Legs and Coots :
Some had Hatbands, some had Durks,
Some had Crooked Swords like *Turks* :
Some had Stings, some had Flails
Knit with Eel and Oxen Tails :
Some had Spears, some had Pikes,
Some had Spades which delved Dikes :

Some had Guns with rusty Ratches,
 Some had fiery Peats for Matches.
 Some had Bows, but wanted Arrows,
 Some had Pistols without Marrows;
 Some had the Coulter of a Plough:
 Some Syths had, Men and Horse to hough;
 And some with a *Lochar* Ax,
 Resolv'd to give *Dalzell* his paiks.
 Some had Cross-Bows, some were Slingers,
 Some had only Knives and Whingers.
 But most of all, believe who lists,
 Had nought to Fight with, but their Fists:
 They had no Colors to display,
 They wanted Order and Array;
 Their Officers and Motion-teachers
 Were very few besides their Preachers.
 Without Horse, or Artillery-pieces,
 They thought to imitate the *Switzers*;
 When from *Navarr* they sallied out,
Tremouile and brave *Trivulce* to rout,
 For Martial Musick, every day
 They used oft to Sing and pray;

Which hearts them more when danger comes,
 Than others Trumpets and their Drums.
 With such provision as they had,
 They were so stout, or else so mad,
 As to Petition once again ;
 And if the issue proved vain,
 They were resolv'd with one accord
 To fight the Battles of the Lord.

Upon their Head March'd the *Good-man*,
 Like *Scanderbeg*, or *Tamerlane*.
 Dame Nature strain'd her utmost care,
 To mould him for a man of War :
 A terrible and a dreadful foe,
 As doth appear from Top to Toe.
 The shape and fashion of his Head,
 Was like a Cone, or Pyramid :
 Or for to speak in terms more gruff,
 It was just like a Sugar-Loaf :
 Or like the head of *Rob* the Cripple,
 Or like the Spear of *Mazdalen* Steeple :

Or like the bottom of a Tap,
Or like a furr'd *Muscovia* Cap ;
Each He the South-east Countries haunts,
Affirms, such Heads have *Turkish* Saints ;
Which, as some learned Writer notes,
Are here with us call'd *Idiots*.
Because long Hair the Wit doth dull,
Nought was between Heav'n and his Skull :
His Ears were long, and stood upright,
Which did so well become the Knight,
That at some distance he seem'd Horn'd :
His one Eye was with Pearl adorn'd,
His other Eye look'd so a-squint,
That it was hard to ward his Dint ;
From thence down to his Mouth arose
A Mountain rather than a Nose,
Upon which savage Beasts did feed,
As Worms and Silkhorns, which with speed
Would eat it up, but he begins
In time to pick them out with Pins :
His Lips were thick, his Mouth was wide,
His Teeth each other did bestride ;

o **The Scotch HUDIBRAS.**

His Tongue was big ; though well he meant,
 He was not very eloquent ;
 His Beard was long, and red, and thin,
 Making a Ball-green on his Chin,
 As Trees do sometimes in a Wood,
 Where Horse and Oxen gather food ;
 His Arms were stiff like Barrow-trams,
 His Hands were hu'd like reisted Hams ;
 At Fingers-ends he never fails
 To have the King of *Babel's* Nails
 Which, sooner than a Knife by half,
 Will cut the Throat of Sheep or Calf,
 When he, not loving to be idle,
 Turns Cook to any Peny-bridle.
 They scrape up Works about his Leaguer,
 A great deal stronger and far bigger
 Than those made by *Don Pedro Saa*,
 When *Spinola* besieg'd *Breda*.
 He had a Lump upon his Back,
 Which some took for a Pedler's Pack,
 But other some did it suppose
 A Bag which kept his Meal for Brose :

But

But neither conjecture was good,
It was a lump of Flesh and Blood :
His Womb stood out an Ell before ;
As far behind his Bum, and more :
When over-charg'd, it made a sound,
Which did like Earthquake shake the ground ;
With which, as Cent'nel, when he sleeps,
His Cloaths from Mice and Rats he keeps,
Which to his Pockets swarm like Bees,
Finding the smell of Bread and Cheese,
Which several times the fainting Knight
Doth take for Cordials in the night.
But when the Beasts do hear the Thunder,
They're so amaz'd with fear and wonder,
That to the Gate go Mice and Rats,
As fast as if pursu'd by Cats.
Was never Man in those Dominions,
About whose Legs were more opinions :
First, there are many who avow
They are like an inverted V ;
And other-some do stifly jangle,
That They and Thighs make a Quadrangle ;
Some

Some think, that Thighs joyning, they gape
In Circular and Oval shape ;
And other-some are, who avouch
Them Semi-circles in a Touch ;
And other-some there are, who tell's,
They're Semi-circles Parallels :
But those who on them better looked,
Say, One was straight, the other crooked ;
Not as in touching they did make
That famous Angle of Contact,
Which *Euclid's* Demonstration shows,
If in their Juncture ye put straws.
The truth is, They in every thing
Resemble do a Bow and String ;
The one straight to the other bending,
Is like a Chord and Arch subtending :
In which Scheme, if ye draw some Lines,
Ye may have *Secants, Tangents, Signs,*
Which Ale-pot-measuring much enables,
By help of Logarithmick Tables,
Which Questions soonest do decide,
For by Substraction they divide,

And

And Multiplieth by Addition,
 As now doth *Whiggish* Superstition,
 Which multiplieth every day,
 Having some added to its way.
 Their Entry to that Church is fine,
 They Re-baptize them all with Wine,
 Which their Apostles think far better
 To wash away Mens sins, than Water.
 Now all's describ'd to Feet and Toes,
 Which I could not see for his Shoes :
 Some say, his Toes, who saw his Feet,
 Resembled an Alphabet ;
Greek, Syriack, or Arabick,
 Or 'breviations *Stenographick,*
 Which they do counterfeit like Apes,
 With great variety of shapes.

You may believe it as your *Creed*,
 Such was his Armour and his Weed ;
 He wore a pair of Pullion Breeches,
 A yellow Doublet with blew Stitches ;

A long black Cassock o'r his A--e,
As he had been the Fool of *Mars* ;
He had on each Leg a Gramash,
A Top of Lint for his Panash,
Which bravely flourish'd in his Crest ;
A folded Cloak for Back and Breast ;
A Glove of Plate, which once was worn
By Black *Douglas* at *Bannocksburn* ;
For Head-piece, a Cowl lin'd with Iron,
Which did his Temples so environ,
That it would cost a world of pains
For any to beat out his Brains.
A Blunderbus hung at his back,
Of terrible report and crack,
As have a Lower Tire of Guns
Shot from a Ship of many Tuns.
A Horse he never doth bestride,
Without a Pistol at each side,
And without other two before,
One at either Saddle-Tore :
But now, when he hath much-ado,
He hath one in each Pocket too.

A Sword which woundeth deep and wide;
A Target of a sev'n-fold Hide;
A very strange enchanted Lance,
Whose touch makes Men from Saddle dance,
As sometimes of old did another,
Belonging to *Angelick's* Brother,
And after to the *English* Duke,
As mentions *Ariosto's* Book.
And thus with more Arms he doth ride
Than other twenty had beside.
Whether he gain the day, or Time,
He never misseth to kill Nine,
As doth appear to him who reckons
Justly the number of his Weapons.
Among Ten thousand, all alone,
With every Weapon he kills one.
Some say, He used to take Lives
With Whinyards and *Kilmannock* Knives:
But he thinks that belongs to Butchers,
And others, like *Damæta's* Couchers;
For when with any he doth swagger,
He seldom useth Knife or Dagger,

Except

Except they come in wrestling terms,
Permitted by the Law of Arms :
The Laws of Knighthood he doth keep,
Not killing Men like Calves or Sheep.

I ask'd of several, Who he was ?
Some said, He was Sir *Hudibras*,
Deceived by his bulky Paunch ;
Some said, *Don Quixot de la Manch'*,
Which was more like than was the other,
In many things he was his Brother.

First, in his Head were many fancies,
Bred by the reading of Romances.
He thought before the Day of Doom
The Covenanters would burn *Rome*,
And trample down the Man of Sin ;
He thought the Work he would begin,
And, to the Glory of his Nation,
Accomplish all the *Revelation*,
Prate what they please in Popish Schools ;
Hammond and *Grotius* were but Fools,

Who





Who say it is fulfill'd already ;
Most think they prayed to our Lady :
They aim'd at Reconciliation
Between the Pope and every Nation ;
All other things they could pack up,
If ye take not from them the Cup ;
And they had reason, for in truth,
Some think they had a burning Drouth.

Next, like *Don Quixot*, some suppose,
He had a Lady *Del Tobose*,
Who never budged from his side,
Upon a pair of Sods astride ;
By whose sole industry and care
He manag'd all the *Holy War*.
We read in greatest Warriours Lives,
They oft were ruled by their Wives :
The Worlds Conquerour, *Alexander*,
Obey'd a Lady, his Commander ;
And *Anthony*, that Drunkard keen,
Was rul'd by his lascivious Queen ;

King

King *Arthur* for his Wifes sake,
 Wink'd at *Lancelot du Lake* ;
 Though, to his opprobry and scorn,
 He cherish'd one himself to Horn :
 They say, that now are many others,
 Who in that case are *Arthur's* Brothers.
 So the imperious *Roxolan'*
 Made the Great Turk *John Thomson's* Man ;
 Another Warriour, all his life
 Was also ruled by his Wife,
 Albeit before their Death arose
 Some strife between them for her Pose.

Thirdly, like *Quixot*, he a Squire
 Had, *Zancho* call'd, to whet his Ire,
 When in a fury he did wrestle
 With Giant or Inchanted Castle ;
 Or, like *Don Quixot*, with Wind-Mills,
 Or with *Dalzel* at *Pentland-Hills* ;
 Or when, like *Perseus*, he was ready
 To fight a Monster for a Lady :

being Victorious in the Strife,
 He still refus'd the Nymph to Wife;
 And that with such a modest Grace
 As Fames *Knight* did the Heir of *Thrace* :
 To which Squire, the bounteous Knight
 Promised either *Man*, or *Wight*,
Jernsey, or *Fersey*, or some Isle,
 With a *Lord Governour's* style,
 When he should beat his Foes asunder,
 And bring the Whore of *Babel* under.

Lastly, on *Quixot's* *Rosinant*
 He rode, who took the Covenant.
 As many think, none of the Nation
 Could make him take the Declaration.
 Some endeavour'd to have the Horse
 Proclaim'd a Rebel from the Cross ;
 Which though they did with open Throats,
 The Horse eats still his Hay and Oats :
 Not dreaming that in any thing
 The Country did offend, or King.

The wisest Lawyers of the Nation
 Advis'd him to make Appellation,
 Because it was against all Reason
 To condemn a Beast for Treason;
 Which Reason, at a Tippling-Can,
 Had sav'd his Master, the Good-man,
 If after his Rebellious Journey,
 He had met with a King's Attorney,
 Who could by Law and Reason shew,
 He greater Beast was of the Two:
 Or with another, who for Riches
 Stood for Incestuous Whores and Witches,
 Or any other whom ye list,
 So they did well anoint his Fist.

Beside his Horse, he had a Dog,
 So us'd to traverse Hill and Bog,
 That he became of scent so clever,
 As to miss neither Hare nor Plover:
 He turns himself in Horse or Hag,
 As *Monsieur* did *Agrippa's* Dog,

To find by his sagacious Nose
The Counter-plotting of his Foes :
He treads the Back-scent, brings a Glove;
And carries Letters to his Love :
He is a fierce Dog, yet most civil,
Kills Fish whose Livers fright the Devil :
He barks at *Anabaptist*, *Quaker*,
Papist, and *Declaration-taker* ;
But he will gently fawn, and stand
To lick a *Covenanter's* hand.

Beside his Dog, he hath a Pigeon,
Most do not know of what Religion :
She was the same, as many fear,
Which once eat Pease at *Mah'met's* ear ;
Which when she did, the Carl did boast
That he spoke with the Holy Ghost :
His *Epilepsie* for to recover,
If once employ'd, she doth not hover,
But will make the whole Worlds Tour,
And come again within an hour :

Sometimes she his Orders carries
To the *Azores* and *Canaries*,
As Quarter-mistress, to ordain
In which the First Meridian
Should lodged be, for Calculation
Of Longitudes in Navigation.
Sometimes he sends her in Embassage
Out through the *North-East-Indian* passage,
To tell the Great *Tartarian* Cham,
A piece of a *Westphalia* Ham
Is better Meat, when Hunger nips,
Than Collops off live Horses Hips;
That we who here drink Sack and Brandy,
Well tempered with Sugar-candy,
A great deal better than he fares,
Who drinks Horse Blood, or Milk of Mares.
Sometimes to *Peru* or to *Chili*
She goes, to tell, our Prophet *Lilly*
Foreseeth neither Good nor Evil,
Abandon'd by his *Arctick* Devil,
Whom the late great Frost did compel
To run and warm himself in Hell:

That she might bring from thence a Spirit
Of greater foresight, and of merit,
For to assist the great Diviner,
The better for to win his Dinner.
Sometimes to *Turk* she goes, and *Sophy*,
To tell, Their *Water* and their *Coffee*,
And their severe slighting of *Wine*,
Makes them so with the *Cholick* pine ;
Which Torment is with them so rise,
It cost *Mahomet* the *Great* his Life ;
For when the *Cholick* he did take,
And did refuse a Cup of Sack,
He worried on a windy Bubble,
And freed the World of meikle trouble :
If they'll drink *Wine*, they need not fear
Their Prophet ; for his *Thousandth* Year
Is now expired, all in vain
They expect his Return again.

Thus of his Person, Armour, Weed,
His Lady, Squire, and of his Steed,

Dog, and Pigeon. For his Mind,
He leaves all Mortals far behind.
All things created he doth know,
In Heav'n above, and Earth below ;
He solves the Questions every one
That *Sheba's* Queen ask'd *Solomon* :
Or any other knotty Doubt,
That can occur the World throughout.
Neither doth he prate and babble,
Like *Pliny* painting out a Fable ;
At first he makes a clear Narration,
And then backs all by Demonstration.
He knows whether the Great *Mogul*
Doth drink out of his Father's Skull,
Or if he make a Chamber-pot
Of that of King of *Calecut* :
If it be prov'd by any Man
That he is come of *Tamerlane*,
Or if he keep Tobacco cut
In *Tortoise-shell*, or *Cocoa-Nut* ;
If the Balm and Frankincense-keepers,
By ratling, drive away the Vipers,

Which

Which with such Ardour haunt those Trees,
As with us Garden-Flow'rs do Bees ;
Or if they do those Serpents choak
As *Easterlings* their Bees do smoak ;
Which made Two Great Wits, as Men think,
Spend too much Paper, Pen, and Ink :
If *Ichneumon* and *Crocodile*
Do fight in *Niger*, as in *Nile* :
Or if we ought to believe them,
Who say *Milchasedech* was not *Sem*,
Which rais'd once a Fifty-strife
Between a Preacher and his Wife :
If any Man yet ever born
Did see *Phoenix* or *Unicorn* :
If there be a *Philosophers Stone* :
If Men who have no Leg but one,
With broad Soles, which by Tours
Defend their Heads from Sun and Show'rs :
If the Emperour *Prestor John*
Be the Off-spring of *Solomon* :
If those who lately Conquer'd *China*
Be the Brother's Sons of *Dina*,

Who to the *North-East* parts were turned
When *Assur's* King *Samaria* burned :
If *Rome's* Founders Wolf did suck :
If *Job* in *Edom* was a Duke :
If Captain *Hynd* was a good Fellow :
If *Wallace* Beard was black or yellow :
Which raised once a great Discord
Between a Western Laird and Lord :
If roasted Eggs be best, or sodden :
If *James* the Fourth was kill'd at *Flodden*,
Which made Two School-men borrow Swords
That they might fight, after big words :
If Sword or Surfeit more Men kill :
Who had the better at *Edgehill* ;
Which made two Ladies other jeer,
A Roundhead and a *Cavalier* ;
Both harped so on the seen Ruffle,
'That it turn'd to a scratch-eye Souffle ;
At last both conclude to agree,
Both of them vowing secresie,
Where meets the Brethren of *Cross-Rosie* ;
What Sums the *Spaniard* in *Pelosi*

Gains yearly by their Silver Mines :
Since Thirty eight who wins or tines.
He knows the Price of Jewels and Rings,
And hidden Cause of sundry things :
As, Of the Compass Variation,
Of Nile and Niger's Inundation :
Why Ireland wanteth Toad and Snake :
Why some Men white, and some Moors black :
Why *Regulus* Eye makes men leave breath :
Why Spiders bite, then dance to death :
Why men *Tarantula* do not fear,
But at some seasons of the Year :
Why Devils Musick do not please :
What sort of thing is *Ambergreece* :
If Iron *Magnes*, or it Iron
Attract : If Sea or Land environ
That frozen great Magnetick Rock,
Under the Pole, where what a Clock
There cannot be made any trial
The one years half by *Phæbus* Dial :
By the Seas motion he doth find
A North-East Passage to the Ind :

Another

Another he finds by the *North-West*,
 Where *Davies* freezed to his rest,
 When Icy Mountains did occur,
 And stopt his Course to *Mar del Zur* :
 But he has found a brave Device,
 That he may free those Seas from Ice ;
 He empties all the Water, since
 He fills the place with Brandy-wine,
 Which hardly will congeal with Frost ;
 If Whales turn drunk, and Fishing lost,
 Yet lose we not by that Device,
 For *Whale-Oyl* we get *Indian Spice*.
 All other ways are but a Cheat,
 To fetch some Money from the State ;
 'T's wonder they have shark'd so much
 Both from the *English* and the *Dutch*,

He prov'd, on peril of his Soul,
Presbyterian-Rule by *Paul*.
 He thought none but a foolish man
 Made *Antichrist* the Son of *Dan*.

He

He thought by the Apostle's meaning,
Voice Negative, and sole Ordaining,
Was the very Mystery
Of *Antichrist's* Iniquity,
Which near his own time did begin
To usher in the *Man of Sin*.
He thought, if Bishops had not been,
A Pope of *Rome* had ne'r been seen :
But now he thinketh Church-Government
A thing of small, or no Concernment ;
As ready as any ever born
For Bishops, if he had not sworn,
If *Dutch* and *English* truth report,
He knows about th' *Amboyna* Fort,
If those two *Indian* Ships were sunk,
And burnt by *Dutch* when they were drunk.
Who first began the War in *Guiny*,
Where *Holms* and *Ruyter* play'd at *Pinie*.
If groundless jealousies and fears
Yoaks *Dutch* and *English* by the Ears :
Or if it be the *Indian* Trade
That doth produce Effects so sad.

He'll

He'll tell in *Indian* Pedlers faces,
We dearly buy their Cloves and Maces ;
The War draws Blood and Money forth,
More than the *Indian* Trade is worth.
He thinks the War fomented be
By *Romish* Craft and Policy,
Which rends the *Dutch* and Us asunder,
To bring *Reform'd Religion* under :
When both are broken, and brought low,
Like Pitchers by a mutual blow,
Then they'll force up the Pope again,
And make both serve the King of *Spain*,
Who in the *Jesuits* fantasie
The Worlds Temporal Lord will be ;
And, maugre those who countermince them,
The *Pope* and *He* will Rule between them,
The World in two Monarchies,
He with his *Sword*, he with his *Keyes*.
If *Dutch* and *English* Popish were,
They would be Popish ev'ry where ;
So Conclave Fathers do conclude,
But such Conceits do oft delude.

He



He finds by perfect Demonstrations
The roots of all compos'd *Æquations*.
He finds new ways to poyson Cats;
Of Mud he *Serpents* makes, and *Rats*.
He finds the *Longitude* of Places,
Makes *Bagpipes* with *Concording Basses*:
He finds *Two Means* proportionals,
Which great Wits sometimes intrals
In *Virtuosi's Conventicles*.
Excentricks, *Orbs*, and *Epicicles*,
He finds to be fantastick Fictions,
Forg'd to palliate Contradictions,
Wherewith the late *Star-gazers* Notions
Have involv'd the Planets Motions.
To determine he dare venture,
The *Sun* to be the Worlds Centre,
To hold the *Candle* in the middle,
Infix'd, while to *Pythagoras* Fiddle
Still Firmament, with twinkling eyes,
The *Earth* and *Planets* dancing fees.

He squares *Circles*, doubles *Cubes*,
Makes most admirable *Tubes*;
If he at *Dover* through them glance,
He sees what *Hour* it is in *France*;
As he hath prov'd by frequent trial
On *Steeple-Clock* and *Sunny Dial*:
He reads with them another while
Letters, distant *Twenty Mile*,
Dutch or *Scotch*, I know not whether,
The one is as like as th'other.
If he once level at the *Moon*,
Either at *Midnight*, or at *Noon*,
He discovers *Rivers*, *Hills*,
*Steeple*s, *Castles*, and *Wind-Mills*,
Villages, and *Fenced Towns*;
With *Fosses*, *Bulwarks*, and *Great Guns*,
Cavaleers on *Horse-back* prancing,
Maids about a *May-Pole* dancing,
Men in *Taverns* *Wine* carousing,
Beggars by the *High-way* *Lousing*,
Soldiers forging *Ale-house-brawlings*,
To be let go without their *Lawings*;

Stirs in streets by Grooms and Pages,
Mountebanks playing on Stages,
Wild Boars strutting out their Bristles,
Black-Birds striving who best Whistles,
Throats of Larks trumpeting Day,
Falcons beating down their Prey,
Hare and Deer crossing Bogs,
Follow'd at the heels by Dogs;
Asses braying, Lions roaring,
Owls screeching, Eagles soaring,
Foxes rowzed from their Den,
Monkeys imitating Men,
Gardens planting, Houses bigging,
States and Princes Fleets out-rigging,
Antick Fashions of Apparels,
States and Princes picking Quarrels,
Wars, Rebels, and Horse-Races
Proclaim'd at several Market-places,
Capers bringing in their Prizes,
Commons cursing New Excises,
Young Wives old Husbands Horning,
Judges Drunk every morning,

Augmenting

Augmenting Law-Suits and Divisions
By *Spanish* and by *French* Decisions;
Courtiers their aims missing,
Chaplains Widow-Ladies kissing,
Men to sell their *Lands*: itching,
To pay th'Expences of their *Kitchen*;
Frequent *Changes*, *States* invading,
Pulpits forcing and persuading,
Great *Jars* for *Cloves* and *Maces*,
For *Bishops* *Lordships* and their *Graces*;
Lords in *Stews* missing *Purses*;
While *Pages* make their *Ladies* *Nurses*;
Preachers contradicting fast
This Year what they *Preach'd the last*,
Making in their *Conscience* room
For a *Change the Year to come*;
Some seeking *Bishopricks* in vain,
Wishing *Presbyt'ry* again;
Lawyers *Councils* at such *Rates*,
That they cost Men their whole *Estates*,
What *Money* Men put in their *Hands*,
To get half back, they give their *Lands*;
Physicians

Physicians cheating Young and Old,
Making both buy *Death* with *Gold* ;
Not vers'd in *Æsculapius* ways,
Indicative and *Critick* days .
They make *too late*, or else *too soon*,
Not knowing the Motion of the Moon :
Factions in *Families* and *Towns*,
Ground manur'd by *Country-Clowns*,
In *Meadows*, *Corns*, *Grapes*, *Apples*,
Out-braving *Lombardy* and *Naples* ;
Priests diseased with the *Riples*,
Hirpling through the streets like *Criples* ;
Physicians spoiled with the *Pox*,
Hiding their *Noses* with their *Cloaks* ;
Courtiers covering canker'd *Faisters*
With curled *Periwigs* and *Plaisters*,
With *Wax Noses*, *Golden Lips*,
With *Pastboard* mending *Legs* and *Hips*,
Using all the *Art* they can,
That they may seem a pretty *Man*,
And free of blemish, like a *Priest*
With *Urim Thummim* on his *Breast*.

Ladies speaking ranting words,
Attir'd like Men, with Vests and Swords,
With Periwigs and long Locks:
Some tax'd for dancing in their Smocks.
Making frivolous excuses,
Men pretending to the *Muses* ;
Some selling *Drink*, some selling *Draff*,
Some *Buffoons* turn'd, to make Men laugh ;
Some *Publicans*, some *busse Medlers*,
Some turn'd *Horse-Coopers*, some *Pedlers* ;
Some challenged for dreadful things,
As stealing *Silver-Spoons* and *Rings*,
Having us'd many Wiles before,
That they might put them to the door.
Sundry Philosophick Asses,
By dictating, teaching *Classes*,
Not taking an Account again,
Making Boys spend their time in vain.
Some dissipating little Mugs,
Containing *Universal Drugs*:
Physicians, crying out amain,
Where they cure One, they *poysen Ten*.

Some getting *Oyster-boats* to dreg,
Some making *Satyrs* for to beg,
Being reduced to those wants
By several avaricious *Saints*,
Who proved on them *Drinking, Whoring,*
By *Slandring, Forging, and Perjuring.*
At last, for all their fair pretension,
Their Quarrel prov'd to be a *Pension.*
Which having got, then for refuge
They bribe or cheat a silly Judge,
By purloining and forbearing
To stop the Cause from further hearing :
There was no remedy for the Evil,
All went headlong to the Devil.
That Fathers Saying is most true,
Penitent Clerks are very few ;
E're any shame shall them betide,
They'll one sin with another hide.

His *Tube* in higher *Planets* Heav'n
discovers many more than *Sev'n.*

Jove hath his Guard, with Thunder-thumps
To beat down *Covenants* and *Rumps* ;
And *Saturn* hath his Pages too ;
When he meets *Jove*, there is ado,
It's good to some, and bad to other,
It's never good to all together ;
For some *go up*, and some *go down*,
Some *get*, and some will *lose* a Crown :
They say, *Such Things* will now appear
In less than three and thirty Year ;
Great Change of Government will be,
As all affirm, beyond the Sea ;
But all their Practices and Wiles
At this bout will not reach our Isles :
All is confined to the Main,
And then *it will about again* :
We need not break our hearts for sorrow,
What's Ours to Day, is Theirs to Morrow.
He sees *Mars* sending Grooms in ire,
To set the World below on fire,
Raising such fury in Mens Breasts,
That *Generals* are made of *Priests* ;

Which them becomes, as all avow,
As well as *Saddle* doth a *Sow*.
He sees those Grooms who *Sun* attends,
Blowing on their burnt Fingers-ends;
Among whom *Mercury* doth stand,
Serving the *Sun* with Cap in hand;
He hath no Dwelling of his own,
But is Domestick of the *Sun*;
Phæbus and He have great Compassion
On Arts now wearing out of fashion;
Yet some will flourish, they fore-saw,
Romances, and the *Canon-Law*.
He sees with *Venus* Pages are,
Who Pimps were to the *God of War*,
When jealous *Vulcan*, sick of Love,
Would needs himself a Cuckold prove,
Like several Great Ones here below,
Though some conceal what they do know.

His *Tube* once leuell'd at the Sky,
Sundry yet hid Lights doth espy;

Some lesser ones, and some more gross,
Between the *Boars* and *Southern Cross*;
Some on *Pegasus's* Hoof,
And some upon his Master's Love,
And some upon her Mother's Chair,
And some on *Berenice's* Hair,
And some upon the *Serpent's* Sting,
And some upon the *Eagle's* Wing,
And some upon the *Ram's* Horn,
Some on the Beard of *Capricorn*,
And some he sees upon the *Bull*,
And some upon *Orion's* Skull,
And some on *Nessus* mortal Foe,
And some on *Cancer's* meikle Toe;
Some on the Sails of *Argo* Ship,
And some on *Antinous* Hip;
And some he sees upon the *Twins*,
And some upon the *Fishes* Fins;
And some' he sees on *Libra's* Scale,
And some upon the *Dragon's* Tail,
Which *little Bear* and *Pole* entangles;
And some he sees on the *Triangles*,

Some

~~The Fourth Haddock~~ 4
Some on the *Harp*, some on the *Swan*,
Some on the *Crown*, some on the *Crane*,
Some on the *Whale*, some on the *Trout*,
And some upon the *great Dog's Snout*,
And some upon the *Virgin's Knees*,
On *Crinita*, between her *Thighs*,
Which makes her blush, and turn her look
North-East, upon *Boates Dock*,
Which the base *Clown* regardeth not,
But spurns her backward with his *Foot*,
And almost lames her on the *Knee*,
Which barb'rous incivility
Is evident to any *Man*
By the *Globe of Vatican*.

And finally, That *Tract of Light*
Which we see in a frosty *Night*,
And caused *Philosophick Jars*,
He finds to be the *Light of Stars*,
Which just so shining he doth mark,
As *Haddocks Heads* do in the dark.

Solve several Questions he can,
Scarce solvable by any Man :
If number of Stars be odd or ev'n ?
What's beyond the utmost Heav'n ?
If Substance of the Heav'ns be mix'd ?
If Stars do move, in Orbs infix'd ?
Or if they move, as others clatter,
As Fowl in Air, or Fish in Water ?
Since *Jewish Sabbath* is begun,
And ends with setting of the Sun,
How that *Sabbath* observ'd can be
Beyond the sixty eighth Degree
Of Latitude, since *Antipodes*
In Sun shining have such odds ?
How both *Sabbaths* Observation
Jumps with the *Sabbath of Creation* ?
The one and other Question
Sorely puzzled *Solomon*,
In that great Dispute that between
Was Him and that *Arabian Queen* ;

Or *Ethiopian*, as some other,
Who make her *Prestor John's* Mother.

Against the late *Star-gazers* Schism,
And *Argolus* Paralogism,
He finds Comets are plac'd no where
But in some *Région* of the Air ;
He finds with admirable speed
Their *Paralaxis* by a Thread :
He finds their Eyes perceive not well,
Or else *Dioptriques* make them reel ;
And that their Brain's not worth a T-d,
Who call them *Via Lactea's* Curd ;
The same he thinks of many others,
Who say, they are new Stars half-brothers ;
Of which last, if he espy one,
He bids, *Let God's secrets alone.*

He finds both Comets and *Eclipses*
But petty *Fortune-telling Gipsies* ;
The like uncertainty he sees
In change of *Excentricities* :

But

But he foresees with Prophets Uction
The Effects of a *great Conjunction*;
Before the Age begin again,
Spain shall have *France*, or *France* have *Spain*;
The Monarchy shall spread no further,
If *Dutch* and *English* hold together;
And though they do, great Tribulation
Follows a *Gothish* Inundation
Spreading from *Pomer* into *Scluse*,
In defence of the Flow'r-de-luce;
Their Mutiny for want of Pay,
Proves to the *French* a dismal day.
Then *English* shall say, *God be thanked*,
The French are like Fleas in a Blanket;
They soon skip out, as they did in,
Their Conquest ends e're it begin;
They mar all by unstable carriage,
As in their old Italian Voyage,
When quite forsaken of their Helps,
They first brought Shankers o're the Alps.

He doth foresee another Wonder;
Nations in Place and Hearts afunder
Shall straitly be conjoin'd in one,
Against the Whore of *Babylon* ;
And though those Nations be but poor,
Rich Kings who fornicate the Whore
Shall melt before them, as the Snow,
When Rain and South-wind makes a Thaw.
What Men they are, he will not clatter,
Lest some think he intends to flatter.
Then all shall be serene and clear,
And Saints shall reign a Thousand Year ;
If not, let it not be forgotten
To hang him when he's dead and rotten.

All doubt much of the *Jews* Conversion,
The manner of the Worlds Everſion ;
If Fire shall burn the Heav'ns to Embers,
If sep'rate Soul its Friends remembers ;
If those new Reasons do make good
The Circulation of the Bloud ;

If Webs of Cloth be made of Stones,
If Pox can be chas'd from the Bones ;
If Minerals nourish as Grain,
If Rats once dead can live again,
And of such-like Resurrections ;
If by *Attractions* and *Ejections*
Men may lend or borrow Blood ;
If *Universal Drugs* be good ;
If *Satyr-makers* ever thrive
Of any thing which they contrive ;
If there be such of any Nation
Who are not driv'n to Desperation ;
Giving to all, who them defends,
Still forest on the Fingers-ends,
Though never wiser Man was born,
He knows not how to dine the Morn,
No more than he knows when shall come
The Moment of the Day of Doom.

The *Whigs* him circled in a Ring,
And he stood like a *Nine-pin-King*.

After a Pause and a Cough,
And sundry clawings of his Hough,
Upon his Tiptoes he arose,
And with his Fingers wip'd his Nose,
And cleans'd his Fingers on his Breeches,
Delivering these following Speeches.

Hear, O ye Remnant of *Israel*,
Who have not bow'd your knees to *Baal*,
For which ye undergo the Cross;
Ye Gold refined from the Dross;
Ye winnow'd Corn purg'd from the Chaff;
Ye Sp'rit of Malt drawn from the Draff,
Who to the Good Cause are no shame:
Ye *Covenanters*, Curds and Cream,
E're one a *Pater Noster* utter,
Some will turn Cheese, and others Butter,
And each will feed his hungry Brother,
If we shall chance to eat each other.
Ye who still pray for these who wrong you,
God grant there be no Rogues among you,

As Arch as any of the Nation :
I have caus'd pen a *Supplication*,
Which must be sent unto the King,
From whom some must an Answer bring ;
I'll read it out, that ye may mend it,
And then advise by whom to send it.
Then answered the whole Croud,
Bidding him read it out aloud.
Seeking his Lunets forth, he farted,
At which they who stood nearest started ;
Those further off took such Alarms,
Some cry'd, *To Legs* ; some cry'd, *To Arms*.
What was the matter none could think,
Till all of them did smell the stink.
Then having hush'd their shouts and halloos,
He did begin to read as follows.

The Supplication.

SIR, Though there be but few among us,
Who bid at ev'ry word, *God damn us* ;
Though we come not to Martial Closes,
Half guelded, and without our Noses,
As not accustom'd to those Tricks
That hurt Mens Noses and their — ;
Although we do not rant and swagger,
Nor drink in Taverns till we stagger,
And then engage in drunken Quarrels,
Where Wit goes out by tooming Barrels ;
Where some throw Stoops, and others Glasses,
Some struggle with the serving Lasses ;
Some throw a Chandler, some a Can,
Some strive to Cuckold the Good Man ;
Some moan their Elbow, some their Head,
Some cry, Alas ! their Shoulder-blade ;

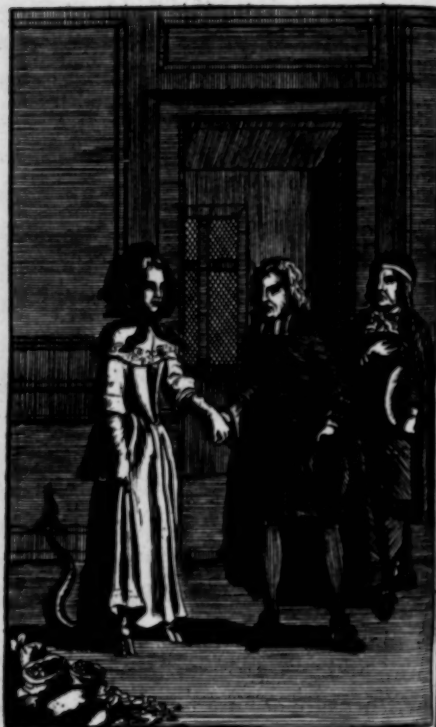
And

And some with spilled Drink are dreeping;
And some sit on a Privy sleeping;
Some do not know at whom they're striking,
And some are busie Pockets picking;
Some have their Hair with Fingers freezed,
And some cry out, *They're Circumcised*;
Some have their Faces and their Throates
All scratched with Tobacco-stopsles;
Some Coals with naked Swords are hewing,
And some lie in a Corner spewing,
And other-some get bloody Fingers
By grasping naked Knives and Whingers,
When they the Fray intend to red,
When it were better they were a-bed;
And some cry, *Te disturb the Laird*,
And some cry, *Fie, bring Bailly Baird*,
A Man who is obliged much
Unto the War against the *Dutch*.
At that, they call the Wench to reckon,
She comes and counts up Three for One;
But gains not much, though she so trick it,
Beside her loss of *Burges Ticket*:

They



Fig. 1. The Tomb.



part 3, page 81.

They tell her, *They will Money borrow,*
And come and pay their Shot to morrow;
Their Officers the other day
Had Dic'd, and Drunk, and Whor'd their Pay.

Sir, Though we do not play such pranks,
(For which we give unto God thanks)
Yet we your *Loyal Subjects* are,
To serve you both in *Peace* and *War*,
With our *Fortunes* and our *Lives* :
But if our *Conscience* and our *Wives*
By any Man be meddled with,
We'll *both* defend with all our Pith.
Sir, Our *Conscience* to compel,
Is to force our *Souls* to *Hell*.
If we do good, and think it evil,
That we more obey the Devil,
Than doing ill, which we think good,
If Holy Writ be understood.

Sir, We have been sore oppressed,
Our *Wives* and *Serving-Lasses* fessed,

E

Either

Either to give beyond their reach,
Or else to hear some Hirelings Preach,
Who Preach nought else but Rail and Rant
Against the *Holy Covenant* ;
And yet it's known that the Nation
Did take it at their Instigation,
For which, of late, they were so hearty,
When it was the *Prevailing Party*,
That they urg'd *State*, as they were wood,
To take *some's Means*, and *other's Blood* ;
And *others* they compell'd to flee,
And hide themselves beyond the Sea ;
And that, Sir, for no other reason,
But *Anti-Covenanting Treason*.

But now, Sir, when the Guise doth turn,
They Preach nothing but *Hang* and *Burn*,
And *Harry* all those of the Nation
Who do refuse the *Declaration* ;
Perswading us with Tales and Fictions
To *Take Oaths* which are *Contradictions* ;

Having

Having, for love of Worldly Pelf,
First taken contrair Oaths themself.

At the first, Sir, God be thanked,
We sold Covering, Sheet, and Blanket,
And Gowns, and Plaids, and Petticoats,
Meal and Pease, Barley and Oats,
Butter and Cheese, and Wool-Fleeces,
For Groats and Forty-peny Pieces;
Capons and Hens, and Geese and Pigs,
Oxen and Horse which Till'd our Rigs;
And, which our very Hearts pierces,
Master Zachary Boyd's Verses,
Dickson's Sermons, Guthry's Libels,
Bessie of Lanerk, and our Bibles,
And learn'd Religion by Tradition,
Which Smells of Popish Superstition.
To pay our Fines we were so willing,
Which was for each Fault Twenty Shilling;
Though we alledg'd for our Defence,
It was too much by Eighteen Pence.

At last, we had no more to give,
 Neither knew we how to live ;
 They felled all our Hens and Cocks,
 And rooted out all our Kail-stocks,
 And cast them o're the Dikes away;
 And bid us, jeering, *Fast and Pray*.
 Being incensed with such Harms,
 We were necessitate to Arms.
 And through the Country we did come;
 We had far better stay'd at home ;
 We did nothing but hunt the Glaiks ;
 For after we had got our Paiks,
 They took us every one as Prizes,
 And condemn'd us in Assizes
 To be Hang'd up every where,
 And fix'd our Heads up here and there ;
 Once *dreadful Heads*, Sir, all did doubt the
 They had so meikle Wit about them ;
 And we who reap'd those grievous Crosses
 Did hide our selves in Bogs and Mosses,

Where we fed on sodden Leather,
 Mingled with Crops of Heather,
 Which, our Hunger to assuage,
 We thought most savoury Pottage:
 For Drink, it was no small matter,
 If we got clear, not muddy, Water;
 In which we heartily do wish
 There be none who desire to fish,
 That by the Devil's instigation
 Brings on us all this *Tribulation*.

When in that case we could not stand,
 We fall, Sir, with Sword in hand.
 Let men cry *Rebels* till they're hoarse,
 We're Subjects never a whit the worse,
 Though we prefer *Tou* not to *God*;
 Who *do so*, Sir, their Faith will nod,
 If Government take changing Tours,
 They will *Renounce* both *Tou* and *Tours*;
 As doth appear by *some of late*,
 When *That Usurper* Rul'd the State;

They strove, Sir, to be sent apace,
To *Abjure* You in the World's face.
Though some, Sir, of our *Dunwesses*
Stood out, like *Eglintown* and *Cassels*,
And others, striving to sit still,
Were forc'd to go against their will:
Yet other-some, as all Men knows,
Who should be sent, were near to blows;
That is, at very boist'rous words,
Putting their Hands upon their Swords,
To make Men think that they were stout,
When it was known the World throughout,
To fight your Foes when they were sent,
They always took the *Bog* a-scent,
And running from the Fight by stealth,
Would then sit down, and *drink your Health*.
And since they could not think, like *Asses*,
To beat your Foes by *drinking Glasses*,
It's evident, Sir, as we think,
They drank your Health for love of Drink.

Yet many, Sir, were disappointed,
Who so forsook the Lord's Anointed;
They were not all alike regarded;
Some well, and some were ill Rewarded:
They who play'd best with both the Hands,
Inrich'd were by their Neighbours Lands.
Some from their Creditors got Refuges,
Some were made Clerks, and others Judges;
Some swearing that their Stocks were spent,
Strove to get down their Annual Rent;
Detaining, Sir, by that Extortion,
The Fatherless and Widow's Portion,
Which Usuring Fathers lent to Lairds,
Who play'd it all at Dice and Cards;
Which forc'd some Lasses to Miscarriage,
Because they could not get a Marriage;
But among those of stricter Life
The Truth-tell Colour grew so rife,
That it marr'd all the Charms and Graces
Of those who could not paint their Faces.

But other-some got *Mocks* and *Scorns*,
By giving to their Landlords *Horns*,
And spewing Claret mull'd with Eggs
Between the *Lord Protector's* Legs,
When they did endeavour to Pray
Before him on a *Fasting-day*.
Some *Whalley's Bible* did begary,
By letting flee at it *Canary*,
Taking it up, where it lay next,
That they might read on it the *Text*,
When *Cromwell* Preach'd, with great applause,
The Revelation of his Cause ;
And some of them empawn'd their Cloaks,
And other some brought home the Pox,
Giving foul Linens all the Wite.
Some turn'd *Toar Friends* for meer despise,
Vowing *Tou* never to withstand
Again, without something in hand ;
And some turn'd *Ordinance-forsakers* ;
Others, for grief of heart, turn'd *Quakers*.

Some in their Conscience took remorse,
Crying, I'm damn'd, till they grew hoarse,
And made the standers by admira,
To see them take the Fits of Spira.
To bring those troubled Souls to peace,
Some read *Alvarez's Helps to Grace*;
Some, *Sanctuary of a troubled Soul*;
Some cited Passages of Paul,
Explaining weil what he did say;
Some read on Mr. *Andrew Gray*;
Some told, *The Danger of Back-sliding*,
Some, *The Good of Faith-abiding*;
Some read the Cases of *Richard Binning*,
Some *Ferguson* read of *Kilwinning*;
And some them pressed very sore
To hear a little of Doctor *More*:
But others cry'd, Away, and Tush,
With *Nettles* in a *balmy Bush*,
With *blind Pilots* guiding *Ferries*,
With *Wasps* lurking in *Straw-berries*,
His Doctrine of *Justification*
Drives all the Court to *Desperation*;

Few *there* are saved, as we guess,
By their *Inherent Righteousness*.
He hath some *Good* among his *Evils*,
He tells of *Bastard-getting Devils* :
Of their *Bodies*, or *Vehicles*,
Their *Heraldry* and *Conventicles* :
It's sport to see his *Fancy* wander
In their *Male* and *Female Gender*,
He doth so punctually tell
The whole *Oeconomy* of *Hell*,
That some affirm he is *Puck-Hairy*,
Some, he hath walked with the *Fairy*.
Though *Intellectuals* be near,
Though he *mean well*, and is no *Cheat*,
His *Case* is desperate and sad,
For *too much Learning* makes him mad.
We'll read on the *True Converts Mark*,
Or we will read on *Bessie Clark*,
Or else on *Baker's Heavenly Beam*,
Or on the *Lady Culross's Dream* ;
Which sundry drunken *Asses* flout,
Not seeing the *jewel* within the *Gloist* ;

Like Combs of Coeks, who take no heed
When they *Gower* or *Chaucer* read.
When they had said and read their fill,
It did not cure the *Patient's* Ill :
They still cry on, and howl, and mourn,
Their Counsels would not serve the turn.
No Comfort at all find they can,
Until a Grave and Reverend Man
Advis'd them to resist *Temptation*
With *Spanish Wine* and *Fornication*.

Those *Rebels* also to obey,
Those *Hirelings* ceas'd for *Ion* to Pray,
Because their *Scipends* and their *Living*
Were at the foresaid *Rebels* Giving :
They thought a Man a *Venial Sinner*,
Who left *Sworn Duty* for his *Dinner* ;
Yea, some of them were of opinion,
They might Pray for that *Devil's* *Minton* ;
They would not stick, for love of Pelf,
To Pray, Sir, for the *Devil* himself.

But *We*, in the *Ufurpers* faces,
 Remembred You in *Prayers* and *Graces* :
 And if we had had *Guns* and *Swords*,
 Our *Actions* would have back'd our *Words*.
 Our Fault, Sir, was, for which we moan,
 We thought to do it *all alone*.
 Since it was only want of *Wit*,
 Since it was a *Distraction-fit*,
 We pray you, Sir, be no *Despiser*
 Of us, whom God hath made no *wiser*.

Royal Sir, To those our Times
 Apply'd may be a Poet's Rhimes,
 Who coursly singeth, *That a Wight*
Obeying Kings in Wrong or Right,
If that the King to wrack shall go,
Will in like manner turn his Foe :
But who obey no sinful thing,
Do still prove Constant to their King.
 The Rhime is barbarous and rude ;
 But, Sir, the Saying's Rich and Good ;

In Print yet forth it hath not crept,
 We have it in a Manuscript :
 The *Good-man* keeps it, as we think,
 Behind a Dish, upon the Bink ;
 And yet it's thought by many a Man
 Most worthy of the *Vatican* ;
 It's worthy, Sir, of your *Saint James*,
 That stands upon the River *Thames* :
 Ye'll not find Saying such another,
 Put all their *Gilded Books* together,
 Tho with these Two ye join in one
 The *Bibliotheke* of *Prestor John* :
 Cause Pages cry it still before ye,
 As *Philip* did, *Memento Mori*.

Since then we Arm for *Conscience-sake*,
 May't please you, Sir, some pity take,
 And not by *Bishops Instigation*
 Inforce on us the *Declaration*,
 Nor make us give, beyond our reach,
 To keep's from hearing *Hirelings Preach*,

Who

Who last Year Preached *Oaths to TAKE,*
And this Year Preacheth *them to BREAK.*
When they have forced Men to *Take them,*
Then first of all *Themselves they Break them.*
Except God, Sir, their Manners mend,
They'll *Oath* it to the World's end.
Men either must *Forswear* themselves,
As oft as They *Turn Coats* for Pelf;
Or else, their *Conscience* is so scurvy,
They will turn all things *Topsie-turvy.*
And we will give what we can reach,
To keep's from hearing *those Men Preach;*
As *Achisons, Balbies, and Placks,*
Which is enough, Sir, for our Packs.
Likewise, in any other thing
We will obey you, as our King.
If ye require it at our hands,
We'll quit to you both *Lives and Lands.*
Nothing to fight can us compel,
(Except to keep our Souls from Hell)
Whatever Mischief us befall,
Or else *the Devil take us all.*

Ye need not, Sir, distrust or fear,
When *Outlaw-Whigs* do Ban or Swear;
It doth unto the World appear,

Keeping our Oaths hath cost us dear.

We pray God, That Your Majesty,
And then Your Royal Progeny,
May Peace and Truth with us defend,
As KINGS, unto the World's end.

We with all Duty and Respect
Your Gracious Answer do expect.

*A Debate between the Knight and
Squire about the Mending the
Petition, and who should carry
it to the KING.*

AND thus the Supplication ended,
The Squire cry'd out, *It should be mended,*
Being desir'd to tell the Cause,
First with all Ten his A-- he claws,
And then his Elbow, and his Head,
Winking a while as he were dead,
And clapping both Hands on his Snout,
At last his Reason tumbled out ;
To wit, *It did not move to grant*
Renewing of the Covenant.

Knight.

Knight.

At which the *Knight* gave such a groan,
 As would have rent a heart of stone;
 And casting both his eyes to Heaven,
 He said, Not though the Earl of *Leven*
 Were on our Heads, we durst not do it;
 It's base to put the *King* so to it:
 It is a most presumptuous thing
 To cross the *Conscience* of a *King*.
 Some honest men did never take it,
 Some honest also were who brake it:
 But he who breaks't against his light,
 Let it be *wrong*, let it be *right*,
 By *Prophets* and *Apostles* leave,
 We dare aver, *He is a Knave*.
 On *singulars* we will not harp,
 For the *Apply* will be too *Sharp*:
 We put down *Bishops*, to our cost,
 Let *Two* or *Three* still rul'd the Roast;

Some of which play'd such pranks at home,
As never *Pope* presum'd at *Rome*.

It is the simplest of all Tricks
To suffer Fools have Chopping-sticks :
A Sword put in a Wood-man's hand
Bred meikle Trouble to the Land.

Squire.

The *Squire* reply'd, They're scarce of News,
Who tell's, *Their Mother* haunted *Stews* ;
Who on his *Brother* rubs disgrace,
He spits upon his *Mother's* face,
Each *Covenanter* is our *Brother*,
The *Covenant* of all is *Mother*.
Their Wit is dull, and very gross,
Who think where *Gold* is, there's no *Dross* ;
Where there is *Corn*, there may be *Chaff* ;
Where there is *Malt*, there may be *Drass* ;
Thistles with *Corn* grow on the *Rigs*,
And *Rogues* may lurk among the *Whigs*.

And

And Friars in Lent may be *Flesh-eaters*,
And Covenanters may be *Cheaters*,
And Weeds grow up with fairest *Flowers*,
And *fishing Sisters* may be *Whores*.
It's known to all, the *Devil* may dwell
In some of *Fourteen* as of *Twelve*.
To blame a Cause for *Persons Vices*,
Is one of *Satan's* main *Devices*,
By which he very oft doth make
Well-meaning Men the *Truth* forsake.
But let us first the *Question* state,
Before we enter in debate,
Which of the *Two* should bear the sway,
The *Mitres*, or the *Elders Lay*.

Knight.

The *Knight* did pause a pretty while,
Then answer'd with a scornful smile,
Tell thee, Fool, I think *Government*
Of Church a thing of small *Concernment* :

The truth it's very hard to find,
 It puzzleth the Learnedst Mind.
 Some do the *Presby'try* conceive,
 New forg'd by *Calvin* at *Geneve* :
 Some say, He puts to Execution
Paul the Apostle's Institution,
 Which suffered *Exile* and *Ejection*,
 The time of *Paul's* foretold *Defection*.
 Some say, Since *Bishops* did appear
 It's more than *Fifteen* hundred Year ;
 Some say, That *then* they did begin
 The Pope of *Rome* to usher in ;
 That *Paul's* *Iniquities* *Mystery*-working,
 Was Men then for *Precedence* forking.
 Some *Presbyterians* do conclude ;
 But *Bishops* say, Such thoughts delude,
 Which come from Brains which have a Bee,
 Like *Urquhart's* *Trigonometry*.
 Some *Bishops* prove by *Scripture-phrases*,
 As by the word *πιστις* !
 How *John* the *Angels* *Sev'n* did greet,
 Why *Paul* did *Titus* leave in *Crete* :

But other-some boldly assert,
Who reason so, the Text pervert.
Some call the Bishops *Weather-Cocks*,
Who where their *Heads* were turn their *Decks*;
Still stout for them who give them most,
And who will make Them rule the Roast.
Some say, That Bishops have been good,
And seal'd the Gospel with their Blood;
As ready for the Truth at call,
As any *Whig* among us all.
Perhaps a railing foolish Ranter
Will tell, A Bishop Covenanter
An honest Clergy-man will be,
When Cable passeth Needles eye;
For some of such have play'd at Pavy;
Though all the Cables of the Navy
In one, should pass through Needles eye,
Whigs still would doubt their Honesty.
Some say, A Bishop Covenanter,
If a penitent Repenter,
Caufeth more joy to Sp'rits Divine
Than all the other Ninety nine.

Some father Tales upon King James,
To sundry *Presbyterian* Dames,
That he was forc'd of *Knaves* to make them,
For Devil an honest man would take them.

Some say, The King gave never leave
To make a *Bishop* of a *Knave*:

That those Men are *evil speakers*,
Tax'd by *Jude*, *Spiritual Quakers*:

That none doth hate *Nobility*
For *Quakers* blaming *Heraldry*.

And some again are, who compares
Our *Bishops* unto *baiting Bears*;

Who, if they be not kept in aw,
They will tear all with Teeth and Paw:

Yet tractable in every thing,
If in their Snout ye put a Ring.

And many Men again there be,
Who say the same of *Presbyt'ry*:

And some say *this*, and some say *that*,
And some affirm *they know not what*:

It's strange to see them *Scripture* vex,
And wrest it like a *Nose of Wax*;

And he who is deceived most,
All fathers on the *Holy Ghost*,
Some quitting *Prophets* and *Apostles*,
Think best to plead the Cause with *Postils* ;
And some do dispute by *Tradition* ;
Some call that *Popish Superstition* ;
And some affirm, That they had rather
Follow a *Council* than a *Father* ;
And some affirm, It boots not whether,
They are *blind Leaders all together*.
And since the *Truth* is found by none,
No more than is that *Turn-Gold-Stone*,
It's best, *Zancho*, for ought I see,
To take a Pint, and then agree.
Let men have *Bishops* at their ease,
And hear what *Preachers* best them please,
If we be freed of *Declaration*,
And of that other great *Vexation*,
We mentioned in our *Petition*,
We'll alter it on no condition :
Then we will serve the *King* as much
Against the *Dane*, and *French*, and *Dutch*,

As any in his *Three Dominions*
Who hateth *Us*, or our *Opinions*.
If he command us, we will come,
Like *Goths*, and scale the *Walls of Rome*,
And bereave *Babel's Whore* of *Breath*,
Or die the *Duke of Bourbon's Death*.

Squire.

The *Squire* made many an odd Grimace,
E're he could speak, like *Balaam's Ass* :
Sometime he wink'd, sometime look'd up,
And running backward like a *Tup*,
For to return with greater force,
He snorted like a very *Horse* ;
One thought upon another tumbled,
One while he grinn'd, another grumbled ;
At last, like *Cant*, or *Trail*, or *Drury*,
He gave a *Broad-side* in a fury :
Looking as he would eat them all,
His words flew out like *Cannon-bail*.

The love of Pelf comes from the Devil,
It's root of all Mischief and Evil ;
It makes Lords sup without a Candle,
When none can see their Knife to handle ;
While to bring Candles Servants lingers,
Ten Candles will not heal their Fingers ;
It makes Foreheads and Shins to bleed,
By saving Candle to light to Bed ;
It makes them keep their Cellar-keys ;
Set secret Marks on Hams and Cheese,
Which if but in the least defaced,
Wives, Servants, Bairns are all menaced ;
It makes them prig for Milk and Eggs,
Put in a Broth Cocks Halfs and Legs ;
It makes them Clout Elbows and Breasts,
Keep rinded Butter in Charter Chests,
Till Rats eat all their Law-Defences,
And Families old Evidences ;
It makes them pay their Masons Wages
By Usury on Weds and Gadges
Taken from Widows, who were Plunder'd
By paying Forty in the Hundred ;

It corrupts *Hamell*, sharp and sweet ;
It poysons all, like *Aconite* :
If it touch *Hide*, it goes to *Heart*,
And so affecteth every part.
The Great Ones do betray their Trust,
Ladies throw Honour in the Dust,
Like those who trod the *Cyprian* Dance
With that *Financier* of *France*.
It *Puritans* doth make of *Ranters*,
And *Cavaliers* of *Covenanters* ;
Of *Lords* and *Earls* it makes *Drapers*,
Of *Priests* and *Levites* it makes *Capers* ;
It maketh *Grave* and *Reverend* Cheats
In *Pulpits* and *Tribunal* Seats :
For any *Crime* it finds *Defences* ;
With *Oaths* it, like a *Pope*, dispences :
It causeth among Brethren strife ;
It makes a *Man* Pimp to his *Wife* :
It makes yield Fortresses and Towns
Sooner than Armies with Great Guns :
It sets a-fire Cities and Streets ;
It raiseth Tragedies in Fleets :

It makes the Vanquished *Victorious*,
And *Foil* than *Victory* more Glorious;
It makes *Rebellion* rise and fall,
And hath such Influence on *All*,
That whom it made *Rebellions* Nurses,
It *Loyal* makes, to fill their Purses:
It causeth many a bloody Strife
When needy *Male-Contents* grow rise:
Then *Church* and *State* by it are mended,
And will be till the World be ended.
Master, We all observe and mark,
Since ye once doubt, ye will embark.
Why do ye *Conscience* so neglect?
Or what, Master, can ye expect?
Although among the *Whigs* ye Preach,
A *Bishoprick* ye cannot reach;
For *Bishopricks* are given to none
Like Presbyterian *John Gillon*,
Who, when he takes his *Preaching-turn*,
Will make more laugh than he makes mourn.
Ye have infus'd in us *Sedition*,
Ye will us leave in that condition;

And

And then cause Print a *Book of Season*,
 Tax whom ye have seduc'd of *Treason*.
 And when so doing, all men see
 Ye sing the *Palinode* of *Lee*.
 The *Cavaliers* will still you call
 The *Archeft Rebel* of us all.
 Thus having said, he made a halt,
 And stood like *Lot's* Wife turn'd to Salt.
 With Ear attentive, earnest Eye,
 He did expect the *Knight's* Reply.

Knight.

Who stroak'd his Beard, and bit his Lip,
 And wip'd his Nose, and scratch'd his Hip;
 He wry'd his Mouth, and knit his Brows,
 He changed more than twenty hues;
 His Hands did tremble, his Teeth did chatter,
 His Eyes turn'd up, his Bum did clatter,
 His Tongue on Teeth and Gums did hammer,
 He fain would speak, but still did stammer;

His

His Garb was strange, dreadful, uncouth,
Till through his Epileptick Mouth
Those following Speeches fierce and loud
Burst out, like Thunder through a Cloud.
Thou poysons all, my little *Grex*,
Thou Sentence-speaking *Carnifex*;
Thou hardy and presumptuous are,
To meddle so with Peace and War.
Rub my Horse Belly and his Coots,
And (when I get them) dight my Boots;
For they are better than *Gramashes*
For me, who through the Dubs so plashest;
Yet I'll wear none, till I put on
Those of the Priest of *Livingston*;
Who, when they hid them in the Rigs,
Said they were plunder'd by the *Whigs*,
Unto another Priest, his Marrow,
Who sent a Maid his Boots to borrow,
Whose Boots were plundered indeed,
As was his *Salt-Beef* and his *Steed*.
Teach what I please, thou'lt not forbear
To meddle with things above thy Sphere;

like

Like *Taylor's* making *Boots* or *Shoes*,
Or like *Shoe-makers* making *Hose*;
Like some I know, as blind as *Owls*,
Playing at *Tennis* and at *Boiuls*,
And sometime shooting at a *Mark*,
Like *Passavantius* playing the *Clerk*,
Who medled with he knew not what,
That he might get from *Rome* a *Hat*.
Men oft by change of station tines,
Good Lawyers may prove *bad Divines* ;
Like *Sadolet's* Dog in *Sattin*,
Like *Ignoramus* speaking *Latine*,
Which raised most unnatural *Jars*,
As between *Law* and *Gospel Wars*.
Like *Bembo's* Parrot singing *Masses*,
Like Men of *Sevnty* Courting *Lasses* ;
Like *Highland-Ladies* knoping *Speeches*,
When they are scolding for the *Breeches* ;
Like *Massanello* freeing *Naples*
From *Gables* put on *Roots* and *Apples* ;
Like *Tailors* scanning *State-Concernments*,
Or *Coblers* clouting *Church-Governments* ;

Like

Like some attempting Tricks in *Statics*,
Not vers'd in *Euclid's Mathematicks*;
Like *Pipers* mending *Morley's Musick*,
Or *Gard'ners Paracelsus's Physick*;
Like *Atheists* pleading *Law-refuges*,
Like *Country Treisters* turning *Judges*;
Like *Preachers* stirring up *Devotions*
By preaching *Military Motions*,
Proving their *Uses* and *Didacticks*
By passages of *Ælian's Taclicks*;
Like *Ladies* making *Water standing*,
Like *young Lairds* *Horse and Foot* commanding.
Like *Monkeys* playing on a *Fiddle*,
Or *Eunuchs* on a *Ladies middle*;
Like *Gilliwetfoots* purging *States*
By *Papers* thrown in *Pocks* or *Hats*,
That they might be, when purg'd from *Dung*,
Secretaries for the *Irish Tongue*.
Great Wounds, yet curable, still fester,
When *Fools* presume to rule their *Master*;
And sad experience teach'd of late,
When *such* *Reformed Church and State*:
Though

Though all the *Publick* did pretend,
All almost had a *private End* :
There was no Place of *War* or *State*,
But was by *Twenty* aimed at ;
Whereof *Nineteen* were disappointed,
Which made the Body whole disjointed,
And rais'd among them such *Divisions*,
That they were to their Friends derisions.
Some aim'd at the *Embroider'd Purse*,
Some the *Finances* to disburse ;
And other-some thought to be getters
By writing of the *Privy Letters* ;
Some aim'd at *Privy-Seal* or *Rolls*,
Some *Customs* gather in, and *Tolls* ;
Some did *dry Quarterings* enforce,
Some lodg'd in *Pockets* Foot and Horse :
Yet still Bog-sclented, when they yoaked,
For all the *Garrison* in their Pocket ;
And some made Men mortgage their *Lands*,
To lend Money on *publick Bands*,
To be pay'd at the *Resurrection* ;
Some Fines pay'd, who oppos'd defection ;

Some

Some sold the Soldiers Mity Meal,
And some did from the *Publick* steal;
And some, as every body says,
Us'd more than other twenty ways:
Yet, notwithstanding all of that,
They were *lean Kine* devouring fat.
None-gained by those bloody Fairds,
But a few *Beggars*, who turn'd *Lairds*,
Who stealing publick *Geese* and *Wethers*,
Were freed by rendring *Skin* and *Feathers*.
When others of this Church and Nation
Return unto their former station;
And now, for all their stomachs stout,
Come home *more Fools* than they went out.
Thou, like a *Fire-brand*, dost advise
Us to be *Fools*, when *All* are *Wise*:
Thy endeavours are all in vain,
For we shall play such pranks again.
The *Patagons* shall *Masses* mumble,
The *Dons* of *Spain* shall all be humble;
Italians shall speak as they think,
Germans when *Sun's* set shall not drink;

Swedes gaining day shall not pile Baggage,
And *English* hate shall Beef and Cabbage ;
The *Russ* and *Pole* shall never jar,
Danes shall gain by a *Swedish* War ;
Victorious *Turk* shall stand to Reason,
Scots shall be beat, and not blame *Treason* ;
The *Dutch* shall Brandy slight and Butter,
And *England* Conquer by *De Ruyter* ;
The first-burnt Ardour of *French* Hearts
Shall not turn to a rack of Farts,
And they shall *spell* as they do *speak*,
And they shall *sing* as they do *prick* ;
With Oaths they shall not lard their Speeches
Nor change the fashion of their Breeches ;
All shall have for assured News,
That Pope from *Rome* hath banish'd *Stews* ;
Rebellion shall return from *Hell*,
And do things which I will not tell.
Though it were true, as some compares,
Our *Bishops* unto baiting Bears,
Who, if they be not kept in aw,
They will tear all with Teeth and Paw :

Yet many utterly mislikes,
That Butcher *Presbyterian Tikes*
Should flee upon their Throats and Faces,
To curb their *Lordships* and their *Graces* :
His Majesty, without all doubt,
Should only ring them in the Snout,
If they so swell, that none can bide
Their *Malice, Avarice, and Pride* ;
Vices, which all the World doth ken
Familiar to *Clergy-men* :
Of which, *though palliate with Art*,
Our own *Presbyt'ry* had their part.
Our Duty is, *With all submission*
To press the grant of our Petition ;
The King will suffer us, perchance,
As *Lewis* doth *Hugonots* in *France*,
And in his Wars, Civil and Foreign,
Make me Command in Chief, like *Turain* :
And though he grant not our Demands,
Away with *Covenants* and *Bands* ;
Kings must *Command*, We must *Obey*,
They *Rebels* are who Truth gainsay.

Some tell, *We must the Truth so love,*
As of it not to quite a hoove.

As said another Fool, thy Marrow,
As if His Majesty were *Pbaraoth*.

For my part, e're I trouble Peace,
I'll *Bishops* call, *My Lord*, and *Grace* ;
And kneel at the *Communion-Table*,
Make *Christmas-Feasts*, if I be able ;
Private Sacraments I'll avow,
Childrens Confirming I'll allow ;
And I will hear the *Organs* play,
And *Amen* to the *Service* say ;
I'll *Surplice* wear, and *High-sleev'd Gown*,
And to the *Altar* I'll bow down ;
Yea, e're His Majesty be wroth,
I'll *Primate* be, and *Chancellor* both.

Squire.

The *Squire* replied in a Chase,
(He grinn'd so, that he seem'd to laugh)

And when ye travel in Carosses,
Ye will salute the High-way Crosses ;
And when with Danger ye are press'd,
Ye will *Cross-sign* Forehead and Breast ;
And ye will to our *Lady* Pray,
And travel on the *Sabbath-day* ;
And ye will play with Lords and Lairds
All Sermon-time at Dice and Cards ;
And Duels fight, like those of *France*,
And drunk and Cripple lead a Dance ;
And ye will venture *Ax* and *Rope*,
By writing Letters to the *Pope*,
To tell him, Though ye here be *Haman*,
Ye worship with the King, like *Naaman* ;
And then accuse us *All* of *Treason*,
When ye put out your *Book of Season*,

Knight. |

The *Knight* look'd fiercely round about,
Thus thundring with a dreadful shout,

Constant Madness thy Brains intrals,
 Thou hast no lucid Intervals ;
 Thy waspish Tongue will never fail
 To prate, to scold, revile and rail ;
 Though Men should bray thee all to Powder,
 Thou still, *Theristes*, plays the louder.
 All honest and unbyass'd ken
 Those whom thou mean'st were *Worthy Men*;
 They had some faults, though not so big
 As rotten Flies, to spoil a Pig
 Of Oyntment : Sooner, it is known,
 We *others Faults* see, than *our own*.
Presbyterian never one,
Faultless, at them could cast a stone.
 It's certain it comes from the *Devil*,
 To *hide Mens Good*, and *tell their Evil* :
 They never learned that of *Paul*,
 Or *David*, when he mourn'd for *Saul*.
 Thou art a Cocks-comb void of reason,
 To tell me of a *Book of Season* ;
 Thou learn'dst when thou kept *Sheep & Hogs*,
 With *one Stone* for to hit *two Dogs*.

Though

~~The Story of the~~
Though thou spew Venom like a Toad,
That Book is much esteem'd abroad.

Squire.

The *Squire* replied, Many deem,
Beyond Sea: it is in esteem:
When once it passed *Pentland Firth*,
It rais'd among them such a Mirth,
That some for laughter burst their Reins,
And other-some did split their Spleens:
They cherish'd it in every School,
To be their *Bibliotheca's Fool*,
When serious Reading Health did spill,
That they might read and laugh their fill:
Physicians it prescrib'd to Men,
As Cure approved for the *Spleen*:
At publick Meetings and at Feasts
It was the Topicks of their Jest.
Some say, Since known all his life
To have had with *Bishops* strife;

Since for the *Covenant* none more wood,
To make Three Nations swim in Blood ;
Since he spar'd none whom he could reach,
Who 'gainst th' *Engagement* did not Preach ;
Since to the Cause he stuck so fast,
Since *Bishops* were restor'd at last,
That in the Pulpit he did grant,
A Bishop was the Devil's Plant ;
Giving to all his Hearers leave,
If ever he turn'd, to call him *Knave* :
And since, as every body says,
He chang'd in less than twenty days ;
It's very like, at others bidding,
He turn'd his Coat for *Cake* and *Pudding*.
Some say, He is a *sounding Brass*,
Which signifies a *prattling Ass* :
He brings no reason which can bind,
But only fights against the Wind.
It's clear that it doth with him fare
As with *Sampson* without his Hair.
Before his Change his Wit was tough,
And he could reason *well enough* :

But

But now he kytheth like a Fool,
As one would whip a Boy at School,
To vend in Print so *little Reason*,
And call it, *An Advice in Season*.

Some say, That he treads Bishops Path,
As *David* serv'd the King of *Gath*.

Though Men to censure him be rash,
He gives the Bishops such a dash,
They need not brag their Cause is won
By the Foster of *Henderson*.

Some say, He *Bishops* doth betray,
That *Presbyt'ry* may gain the day,
Who fed him for their Champion hidden ;
Others affirm, They are out-bidden,
Which makes him take a contrair Task,

As *Edward* answer'd once *Soutbesk*.

A modest Man wrote in a Letter,
He might have pleaded meikle better.

The Charitable do not fear,

But for a Thousand Marks a Year

He would the *Bishops* yet withstand,

If *Covenanters* Rul'd the Land.

Knight.

Knight.

Then said the *Knight*, Though in a Morter
I bray this Fool, to no Exhorter
Thou wilt give ear. He'll put thee to it.

Squire.

(do it?)

To whom the *Squire*, What though he
Both *Reason* there and *Justice* halts,
Where *one's* blam'd for *another's* faults.
Was never Judge did thing so foul,
Except himself once at *Saint Rule*:
He forg'd Records, and them Enacted
To bear *false* *Witness* when Extracted,
I cannot tell, till I advise,
Whether he did it twice or thrice.

Next,

Next, I will tell, *That he gave leave,*
If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave ;
But he can challenge no Reflection
Put on him at his own direction :
He is oblig'd to keep his word,
As well as one who wears a Sword.
But if he chance to be so wroth,
As to break *Word* as well as *Oath*,
I'll tell him, *I take frantick Fits,*
And am distracted of my Wits,
As He and Others said of late,
When they Misguided Church and State.
And I them tax'd of Forg'd Records,
As I can prove before the *Lords*.
If that succeed not, it effects
That I be judged by my *Peers* ;
That is, by Fifteen Poetafters,
Half Fools, half Beggars, half Burlesquers :
All of them proved Drinkers, Whorers,
By Preachers, Forgers, and Perjurers,
F're such a *Jury* can be gotten,
It's certain I'll be dead and rotten.

Or

Or if Justice so shall halt,
As to cause hang me for his Fault,
Hanging to me will be less trouble
Than worrying on a windy Bubble
At a Dike-side, or under a Stair,
If Weather be not very fair.

Knight.

But then the *Knight*, We hear he'll quarrel,
That thou once served *Albemarl*.

Squire.

To which the *Squire*, I have no fears,
He dare not challeng't for his Ears ;
For I can make appear to all,
They tofs'd me to him like a Ball.
Next, Ask that Duke, In any thing
If e're I did prejudge the King.
I forc'd was to dissimulation,
To shun a Rope, and serve my Nation.

I did no Evil, but meikle Good,
Saving Mens Money and their Blood ;
Which Services I did for nought,
Which were from Men far Richer bought.
That Duke can tell, He did suspect it,
Albeit, to try, he did neglect it ;
When by their crafty Instigation
He urg'd was to my Accusation.
They all tell now of *Albemarl*,
But they told him another quarrel ;
In Pleading I could touch a string,
Whose sound will make their Ears to ring.

Knight.

The *Knight* said, Tush, they'll no more stir
Than Moon when bark'd at by a Cur.
For all thy prate, on no condition
I mind to alter the Petition.

Squire.

Squire.

Then said the *Squire*, If ye'll not mend it,
Advise at least by whom to send it,
Since we petition for *Religion*,
Your *Lady*, or your *Dog*, or *Pigeon*,
Were fittest to be sent : If other,
I'm fore afraid we lose a Brother :
For I dare swear upon th'*Evangel*,
When he hath got from each his *Angel*,
To help his Charges to defray,
The Fellow will us all betray.

Knight.

When things succeed not, Fools do flight,
Giving *Betraying* all the wite,
Reply'd the *Knight* : They said of late,
They were *Betray'd*, when they were *Beat* ;
And they said true : who did not stand,
Betrayed are by *Heart* and *Hand*.

But

But to the Point : As for my *Wife*,
I'll never send her in my life ;
For fear some *Courtier* or other
Would make me Old *King Arthur's* Brother.
My *Dog* is an unruly Cur,
And at the Court will keep a stir,
Seeing *Conformists* up and down,
He barks so at a *High-sleev'd Gown*,
That Bishops either will cause stone him,
Or else yoaik Butchers Dogs upon him.
As for my *Pigeon*, it cannot be,
She hath another gate to flee :
A Message she hath ta'n in hand,
To search for that most Happy Land,
Unknown to any heretofore,
But only to Sir *Thomas More*,
Where we intend to fix Plantation,
If forc'd to change our Habitation.
And since a Poet rightly hits,
That greatest Fools have greatest Wits,
To shun self-dealing, it is fit
To chuse one not out-grown in Wit ;

So he can Buffoonise and Jest,
At publick Meeting, and at Feast,
And catch a time to tell the Truth,
Like *David's* Great-Grandmother *Ruth*.

The *Whigs* with an applauding halloo,
Cry'd out, *His Counsel they would follow*.
Which once concluded, all arose,
And set on Pans to make their Brose.
When after that some *Fools* were named
To be employ'd, they all were blamed,
And none thought fit ; they still enquire,
And find none fitter than the *Squire* :
On him then they enforc'd the Message.
When he went out on his Embassage,
How at the *Court* he did arrive,
How to affront him they did strive ;
But how the *Buffoons* all he outed,
How *Hudibras's* *Squire* he routed,
When they Two yoked by the ears
About the *Baiting of the Bears* ;

F I N I S

THE
SCOTCH
Hudibras:

OR, A
MOCK POEM

The Second Part.

*Corrected and Amended, with Additions
and Alterations.*

L O N D O N,

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